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MIXED POEMS

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MIXED POEMS.

BY

A CLERGYMAN.

LONDON:
HOPE AND CO., 16, GREAT MARLBOROUGH STREET.

1851.

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PREFACE.

THE following Poems, chiefly composed in early youth, are, at the suggestion of some friends, now sent forth to the public. May they obtain charitable treatment from the hand of criticism, and, if permitted, draw the reader through the media of things human to things divine.

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MIXED POEMS.

JERUSALEM.

She sits in sadness, like a widow weeping
His loss who thrilled her heart with love's first tone;
She ponders sorrow upon sorrow, heaping
Darkness and gloom around her radiant throne;
She mourns her diadem of beauty faded,
With all its gems that erst she proudly bore,
And sighs, for desolation stern hath shaded
The brightness of the Holy City o'er.

No more the voice of mirth is sweetly waking;
No more the virgins strike the harp and lute;
The silver strings, their ancient tones forsaking,
Lie hidden in the ruins. Joy is mute.
No more the dulcimer, with chanting, thrilleth
On festal days, bearing its holy part;
The music heard is like the strain that chilleth
The glowing ardour of a youthful heart.

The stranger in her sacred gate is sitting,
Dispensing justice to a motley band,
Which every dew-eyed eve beholdeth flitting,
Like vultures dark, throughout her streets and land.
The tyrant's ponderous fetters still unfailingly
Emit their low debasing spirit round,
That Freedom's glorious voice bewailingly
Lies low, dejected, on the barren ground.

Jerusalem! Jerusalem! how shrouded
Is thy majesty within the gloom of crime.
Weep for this sacrilege! for greatness clouded,
For children, aliens in each foreign clime!
But yet rejoice, for He, the source of power,
Whose justice often ruins, not destroys,
Is faithful still, to cause a happy hour
To rise, and bless thy penitence with joys.

AFFECTION'S TALE.

A voice comes o'er the sea,
As though a gentle spirit's tongue
To its enchanted bosom sung,
I love but thee!

Whence the melody,
Thus mingling with the liquid waves,
And sighing o'er the deep, deep graves,
I love but thee?

Do the breezes tell me,
As they fly o'er sand and heather,
In spring and wintry weather,
I love but thee?

Nor winds, nor melody,
Tell me of affection's choice,
'Tis my heart's own inward voice—
I love but thee!

THE VILLAGE MAIDEN.

Air "Jock of Hazeldean."

I met her at a village fête
One summer long ago,
When life was like a happy dream,
And hope smiled on my brow.
A simple wreath was twined around
Her glossy auburn hair,
And beauty's softest charms arrayed
That village maiden fair.

The sweetest gush of music lent
Its magic to entrance,
Her snowy hand was clasped in mine,
We mingled in the dance;
Her gentle smile and graceful form
Were fairest, brightest, there,
And many hearts were beating for
That village maiden fair.

The night advanced, the sky was clear,
Its pensive queen was bright,
Whilst o'er the soft green sward we sped,
With footstep ever light.

Too swiftly passed the fleeting hour,
  Then came the weight of care;
Ah! could I but have called her mine,
  That village maiden fair.

And though long years have rolled away,
  Yet fancy brings to view
Her matchless form and winning smile,
  And eyes so sweetly blue.
Her tender glance and dulcet tone
  My cherished dreams still share,
For, oh, my heart remembers well
  That village maiden fair.

ON SEEING SOME WITHERED FLOWERS.

A withered flower, or yellow leaf,
  In autumn's chilly atmosphere,
Unlocks the secret springs of grief,
  Too sad before to shed the tear.
These lonely relics truly say
  How mutable earth's beauty is,
How fragile all we wish would stay,
  How poor in satisfying bliss.

The morn in brightness often wakes,
  The birds sing pleasant songs,
But clouds arise and thunder breaks,
  Frighting the happy throngs;
While those affection loves the best
  In its own free simplicity,
Oft raise the silver veils that rest
  Above their dark reality.

When triumph smiles upon our way,
  And, following, the wealthy bless,
It seems as if no brighter day
  Could dawn upon our happiness.
The earthly end is gained, but still
  It doth not, cannot satisfy,
For here true bliss may not be bought,—
  To gain it really, we must die.

STANZAS.

Hearts are oft with sadness shrouded,
E'en amid a joyous throng,
Listening to the voice of song,
In the summer-time unclouded.

To the gladness of the hour
They would fervently reply,
Music only wakes the sigh
By its wondrous moving power.

In the memory's spacious hall,
Seen alone by mental eyes,
Figures of the past arise,
Treading the floor with light footfall.

The joys of innocence so gay,
With their cheerful sportive train,
Light and fresh come back again,
As if they had never fled away.

The world hath changed us, and we mourn,
We are not what we once have been;
When to the future, thoughts serene
Would hopefully and calmly turn.

Time's furrows graven manhood's brow,
  Tearing the dreamy veils away,
  And bind us to the iron sway
Of daily toil and nightly woe.

'Tis by the contrast then we see,
  Yea, almost broken-hearted,
  The *worth* of bliss departed,—
Such bliss as in the world may be.

Still to the spirit 'tis most healing,
  Lest it grow quite seared and cold,
  To muse on what hath been of old,
In youth when fresh is every feeling.

Hearts are oft with sadness shrouded,
  E'en amidst a joyous throng,
  Listening to the voice of song,
In the summer-time unclouded.

MEETING AND PARTING.

It was a morn in early spring
When first, beloved, we met;
Sweet hope careered on brightest wing,
Bedewed with no regret:—
I saw thee by thy cottage door,
Tending some flowers rare;
While wanton zephyrs from the shore
Played with thy tresses fair.

The magic of thy loveliness,
Sweet maiden of the sea!
The happy mirth and gentleness,
Thy soul's own melody,
Entranced my heart;—then, then I gave
Its deepest pulse to thee;
My very nature was thy slave,
I loved devotedly.

Time passed away;—how oft, alone,
I ventured timidly
To tread where thou hadst trod, and mourn
Where thou hadst breathed a sigh.
One eve thou camest; then all our love
Poured forth its hidden stream,
With all the hopes and fears that prove
The anxious bosom's theme.

Alas! now darksome is our day;
A barque is on the sea,
Awaiting but the signal lay
To bear me far from thee.
'Tis playing; once again on mine
Repose thy pallid face;
My kisses shall unite with thine,
In this last sad embrace.

O long, long loved, but too late found,
And only found to be
Resigned too soon, when joy seems crowned
With bliss triumphantly.
But trust me, that so faithfully
My heart vibrates for thee,
Thy love shall e'er my talisman be,
Upon life's dangerous sea.

Though fortune sends thy wanderer
To lands of fairer skies,
An angel whispers, Hope will ne'er
Refuse her blest supplies.
Farewell, my dearest! o'er our pain
Her soothing balm shall pour,
That we one day shall meet again
Beside our cottage door.

THE DEPARTED YEAR.

Written in 1842.

Stern Time's resistless wing flies swiftly on;
Another year hath joined the buried past;
Hopes, in its course, that patience lived upon
Have been, too often, by dark shades o'ercast.
The sorrows pictured nought, or far away
Have stood around us in true gloominess:—
So little can our boasted reason say,
What lot wise Providence ordains for us.

Time hath hasted on, since last December
Was crowned with ice, and snow o'erlaid the earth:
What thrilling hopes and fears can we remember,
Which then diurnally had death or birth!
How often joy and sadness then prepared
To gild or darken Life's strange pathway o'er,
Since last the yule-block's cheering warmth we shared,
While talk and song enlivened the heart's core.

Ah! have we heard, of misery, no tale?
Hath it kept from our own dear hearth aloof?
Hath death nowhere appeared, with visage pale;
Of its most awful power showed no proof?
Name, if thou canst, the spot, and mystic ways
That may for ever lure him from the scene.
Alas! no spell can move, nor do Sol's rays
The land illume where death hath never been.

Ah! who can say thus much? where is that one,—
That happy one who never heaved a sigh,
Nor shed a tear, nor felt deserted, lone,
While pleasure seemed to pall both taste and eye?
But I will not repine, though I have borne
Many sad burdens this departed year,
Of varied evils, since they have not torn
The love away my bosom holds so dear.

THE RETURN HOME.

A stranger in my father's halls,
I sadly roam alone,
Gaze tearfully on mouldering walls,
And muse on pleasures gone.

I see where once the dear harp stood
That breathed the sweetest song;
No more, by skilful fingers wooed,
Its music steals along.

Can, can this be my happy home,
That meets my aching sight?
Are these the spots I used to roam,
In childhood, with delight?

Yes, though defaced by time, decay,
  Though cold each well-known face,
Though swells no more the greeting lay,
  My home beloved I trace.

How oft, entranced in fancy's dream,
  I've lingered through the day
Near yonder quiet silvery stream,
  Gliding its tortuous way;

And watched the sun's empurpled light
  Upon the green hills fade,
Until the ebon wings of night
  Flung o'er the scene a shade.

There, from yon grove of ancient trees,
  The glorious anthem sprung,
At evening, when the swelling breeze
  Amongst the pine-tops rung.

Still murmurs on the harmony
  Its soothing monotone,
The same as when my spirits free
  Would melt in unison.

How changed since then am I, and all
  My heart sincerely loved!
The friends are fled beyond recall,
  Who charmed where'er I roved.

The rock and glen are lovely still,
The waterfall runs on,—
Their beauties ne'er the heart can thrill
When desolate and lone.

Ah! it is sad to wander on
When all we prized is cold;
No hand to cheer, no voice, not one,
To bless us as of old.

I almost wish the grave would close
On all the bitter past,
So I with it possess repose
And real peace at last.

MUSINGS NEAR A ROSE-TREE.

Ah, gentle flower, what wondrous spells combine
Within thy leaves, thus bearing from their cell
The thoughts that heart and soul together twine
With one I love too well!
While fast beneath thine influence arise
A train of mournful, yet sweet memories,
Absorbing me, that how life hasteneth on
It matters little, for my bosom feels

The charms fame and ambition had are gone,
Nor aught within it wakens, save what steals
Away my energies;—such is the course
Of genuine affection's mystic force.

Methinks I see her now, Earth's purest *Pearl*;
Near thee she thought of flowers, the only fair:
The summer wind possessed but power to curl
Her shining, auburn hair,
As, standing by, she watched thy buds disclose
The beauties that adorn the full-grown rose.
How oft her snowy fingers plucked away
The envious weeds growing around thy form;
Or sheltered thee from Sol's imparching ray,
And every cloud that prophesied a storm;
While oft she raised from thee her gentle eye
Beaming with tenderness, how heavenly!

Summer poured forth her treasures o'er the scene
When last we parted; all earth seemed glowing
With loveliness, which had remained unseen,
But now was overflowing.
One heart, at least, was true, thinking how sweet
In aftertime 'twould be again to meet.
Yet scarcely to the future, half resigned,
I cast my gaze, and those mild loving eyes

Dispelled the anxious doubts within my mind,
By calming it; that brighter days would rise,
When every shadow vanished from our path,
Thou would'st be mine, despite of hate or wrath.

Where art thou now? affection asks; but oh,
Thy form I view not, neither do I hear
The sweetness of thy voice, that could bestow
A balm on every fear,
As 'neath the faint starlight by this dear tree
I stay my wandering steps, remembering thee.
Could I but see thee, all my heart adored
On earth, as Love's undying memory
So well recalls, again these arms restored,
And for one moment looking bliss to me,
What rapture would be mine! Alas! I know
Between us mountains rise and rivers flow.

THE SONG OF WINTER.

I come, I come, from pellucid isles,
Where azure seas ever waveless lie,
Whose ice, in its might rejoicing, smiles
On mountains, like sapphires piled on high.
There my dominion never can die,
Till the dissolving of earth and sky.

I come, I come, from the cold plains where
The ice in fantastic forms I wreathe;
Where minarets rise, and temples fair,
'Neath the charm of my magical breath;
And every brilliant hue they own,
That sparkles upon my desert throne.

I come, I come, on the tempest's wing,
To the forests with a dirge of woe;
While over rivers and vales I fling
My crystallized bands; oh, I bestow
My frozen embraces far and wide,
On mountain, lake, and the ocean tide.

I come, I come, with the soft pure snow,
The robe I give to the mighty blast;
Then tallest kings of the forest bow,
Before the sprite that hurrieth past.
And mine is that spirit, to fulfil,
For a season's span, what laws I will.

I come, I come, and tender flowers,
The children fair of the summer's heat,
Bend their scented heads as to showers
They loved in the noonday sun to greet;
And fade, like the soul of man in death,
'Neath the all-withering touch of my breath.

I come, I come, and the perishing leaves
  Send forth their murmurings as I roam,
But, oh! not a pang my spirit grieves,
  For they tell of the bareness of home.
So I sweep along in my icy state,
Whilst ministering spirits round me wait.

DISCONTENT.

Man, fickle man, delights in change,
And through the spacious world to range;
Conceiving they will never cloy,
He loves to taste each sweet of joy.—
  Too oft he plucks the boughs
Full of rich fruit where pleasure grows;
But soon their charms, like parting day,
Lose silently their bright array.

If, in Life's careful, anxious dream,
Alluring riches round him gleam,
Augmenting ever their bright store,
His soul, unsated, burns for more:
  He must his wants repress,
Lest the gay treasure may grow less;
While ne'er doth calm contentment shed
Its grateful blessings on his head.

In conversation, some will groan
O'er midnight toiling undergone,
And praise the being's happy lot,
Who sweetly sleeps in humble cot;
Then sigh, although they have
Far more than many bosoms crave,
That they a sickening want endure,
And feel, amidst their treasures, poor.

The mariner that skims the floods
Longs for the sylvan ease of woods,—
The joys the fertile sunny field
To rustic hearts and souls doth yield;
But they that dwell there say,
Ah! happy they, and only they,
Who, borne along by fanning gale,
O'er rushing waves exulting sail.

'Tis strange that mortal man can ne'er
Cease wandering from his marked career;
Nor strive the few bright things to clasp,
That really hang within his grasp.
Why should we change or roam,
Whilst purest sweets are nearer home,
And warmest hearts, no chill that know,
Through lingering years of toil and woe?

DEAREST THEE.

When the purple sunset fades,
As resplendent day declines,
When the moon's benignant ray
From the heavens clearly shines;
While no sounds are heard around,
Save the music of the sea,
Then affection longeth for
Dearest thee.

When the lurid dusky clouds
O'er the distant hills arise,
And night's mantle veils the path
Where the fearful pilgrim hies,
I behold thy matchless form,
Like my angel, near to me,
And I wander, musing on
Dearest thee.

Where the river's silvery tide
Fretting o'er its pebbly bed,
Sweeter sounds, when sportive winds
To evening's calm are wed,
There I seem to hear thy voice
Breathing love and melody,
While my bosom trembleth to
Dearest thee.

What though rivers and steep hills
  Oppose a barrier wide,
Scenes of blissful joy return,
  Again thou 'rt by my side;
Again we rove together
  By yon mountain's base, and sea:
Thus my dreams are always of
    Dearest thee.

TO A BAY-LEAF.

"I change but in dying."

Meet emblem of my love, mysterious leaf,
  That withers only when the ground refuses
Its moisture to thy parent root's relief;
  Yet, even then, no secret perfume loses;
For as I gaze on thee my spirits feel
  A thousand fond emotions in them sighing;
But should no nourishment from Eleanora steal,
  They 'll droop and change, yet sweetness keep in
    dying.

TO ELEANORA ON HER BIRTH-DAY.

The winter's sun shines o'er the whitened fields,
As if the warmth of summer's glowing days
Had come again. No cloud of darkness yields
Its envious shade to hide his jocund rays.
The artless birds pour forth their merriest lays
In gushes of rich music : their sweet mirth
Accords with peaceful minds, their thoughts to raise
Above the drossy sentiments of earth,
This gay returning day, this festal of thy birth.

The hand of beauty, as upon this morn,
Thy soft brown eyes ordained to be her throne;
She lent the light of joy, and fire of scorn,
To gleam therein with many a varying tone,—
The languor of endearing tenderness to own,
Or bolder strength of energy's command;
But whate'er traits may be within them thrown,
No mortal being can their spells withstand,
'But feels his firmest vows are traced on shifting sand.'

Farewell! oh, may a heaven calm as this
Unfold its curtain always o'er thee; may
Thy dreams and thoughts be steeped in living bliss,
In happy halls and bowers night and day!

May Love's fair offspring, bound in loose array,
  Perennial roses strew upon thy way!
And, oh, may Hope, seductive, be benign,
  Whose promises may never melt away!
May virtuous pleasures of their flowers twine
A lovely chaplet for a brow so bright as thine!

FRIENDSHIP'S FLIGHT.

How often, through a trivial cause,
  A word or action light,
Hath plighted friendship changed its wing
  For one not half so bright;
But yet we would not wish it stay
  A fleeting moment more,
When the sweet interchange of thought
  We love so much is o'er.

This may be at our choice; but, oh,
  Skilled science teacheth not
How we each joyous smile and word
  May from remembrance blot:
Our aching bosoms still must be
  A dark and silent tomb,
While ceaseless memory, pointing, stands
  A phantom in the gloom.

THE EXILE'S FAREWELL.

This night is perhaps the last one of pleasure
My heart may enjoy with those it loves best;
The last that my steps may move to a measure
Hand in hand with my Rosa, the pride of each feast.
For, shades of my fathers, your meritless son
Is banished his land, and your time-honoured hall:
He must sail on the wave where the westerly sun
Glows brighter than here in his evening pall:
But the kindness of friendship attempers my grief,
With the sweet words of comfort it knows how to sigh,
And my bosom accepteth the cheering relief,
As, it may be for ever, I leave each loved tie.

Tho' compelled by misfortune's stern hand to depart,
And yield to another the lands of my home,
Yet memory's influence will lighten my heart
Of some of its sorrow wherever I roam;
For there's joy in the thought that love will not leave me
To wander uncared for o'er the wild sea;
While hope gilds my departure—can it deceive me?—
That the friends I now love will ever mine be.
So I'll drain this last wine-cup, all sparkling and bright,
Ere the signal be given that will not await;—
May your hours, beloved ones, be joyous and light,
But saddened sometimes by the wanderer's fate.

DAVID'S LAMENT OVER SAUL AND JONATHAN.

The beauty of Israel is slain;
The high places flow with their blood;
The tears of the mother and maiden
Sadly mix with the crimson flood.
How are the mighty fallen!

Tell not the story in Gath,
Nor in Askelon lift up the voice,
Lest the Philistine's daughters bold
In their scornful triumph rejoice.
How are the mighty fallen!

Ye lofty hills of Gilboa,
Reject both the dew and the rain,
With the offerings of the field
That are brought from the sunny plain.
How are the mighty fallen!

Ye daughters of Israel, weep,
Oh, weep for the powerful dead,
Who clothed you in scarlet and gold—
The souls of Saul and Jonathan fled.
How are the mighty fallen!

Very pleasant hast thou been,
Brother Jonathan, unto me,
Wonderful was thy affection,
Deeper than woman's e'er can be.
How are the mighty fallen!

Oh, how are the mighty fallen,
How dark is our glory's star!
While the brightest hopes are withered,
And perished the weapons of war.
How are the mighty fallen!

THE WELSH HARPER'S SONG.

SUPPOSED TO HAVE BEEN SUNG BENEATH THE WALLS OF NANKIN, AFTER THE VICTORIES OF THE BRITISH FORCES IN CHINA.

Air "Megan's fair Daughter."

Sweet harp of my country, by Hang Ho's blue water,
Awaken thy soul-thrilling numbers again
In pæans of joy, 'mid the tumult and slaughter,
To blazon "old England," the queen of the main.
Mourn, daughters of Nankin, no more weave the flowers
Of Cayfong in fillets to bind up your hair;
Nor trip the light dance in your beautiful bowers,
Where mirth is now changed to the tear of despair.

Oh, weep for the warriors who coldly are lying
By the ramparts, alas, they defended in vain,
Where vultures on high are exultingly flying,
To banquet unseen on the corse of the slain.
Thy towers, O Nankin, the battle-tide braving,
Are crumbling to dust at the might of the foe,
For the conquering banners of England are waving,
Where, crimsoned with blood, lave the streams of
Hang Ho.

Like the blast of the desert we sped o'er the ocean;
Undaunted by perils, we recked not the wave;
Our bosoms entwined in our country's devotion,
We fought and we bled like the sons of the brave.
Oh, long may she brighten her history's pages
With deeds so exalted by land and by sea,
And ever remain, through revolving of ages,
"The terror of tyrants, the friend of the free."

December 1842.

TO THE GENIUS OF A DRAWING-BOOK.

WRITTEN AT A LADY'S REQUEST.

There are mystic genii fair,
  Invisibly careering by,
With light wings "winnowing the air"
  Of evening's quiet canopy,
All laden with unfading flowers,
Borne from their interstellar bowers.

The Queen of these, who oft descends
  Within an ideal car, entwines
Around her worshipper, who bends
  With patience at her charming shrines,
A wreath like that which angels weave
For those who virtuously live.

Thou hast the power, O Heavenly Child!
  To help the timid finger trace
The dewy offspring of the wild,
  In hues of art's reflective grace,
Whene'er the crimson fuchsia rare,
Or rose, employs thy votary's care.

And when the beauties of earth's field,
  The waterfalls, or blossoming woods,

Sensations of enjoyment yield
  Amid entangled solitudes,
Thy guiding influence portrays,
Like memory, their varied traits.

Perchance the undulating main,
  Its silvery calms, or tempests dark,
Intensely in the fancy reign,
  While gazing on some stranded bark;
Then, then, thy ready aid affords
Expression stronger than mere words.

And when affection's dreams impart
  The image of the forms we love,
Profoundly graven in the heart,
  And with its secret essence wove,
Then by thy succour's gentle lore
Each feature we may picture o'er.

Ever thus, thou power benign,
  Entwined with memory, taste, and feeling,
Bright sister of the heaven-born nine,
  To our sense thou art appealing;
Skilled through the eye to teach the mind
Sweet notions of a solid kind.

But, oh, wise spirit, still inspire
  The limners of these pages fair,

That, spell-bound, gazers may admire
The potency of skill and care,
To catch the light and grace that lie
Enshrined beneath the starry sky.

Oh, may'st thou amaranthine flowers
Inweave on each returning spring,
And to dear A—n's festooned bowers,
Exultingly their beauty bring,
That crowns of triumph may bestow
New lustre on thy votary's brow.

IMPROMPTU.

Fare thee well! for joy hath faded
From the breast it once delighted;
Since misfortune's cloud hath shaded,
Like lone travellers benighted,
All the glorious prospects beaming
O'er my path in dazzling rays,
As the light of morning, streaming
O'er the wild, her blush displays.

Fare thee well! thy voice's blessing
Breathes to me no more of bliss;

Changed the love that I, possessing,
Thought grew stronger with each kiss.
All is dark; e'en friends, forsaking,
Leave behind a gloomy shore,
Where my heart, for sadness breaking,
Mourns the Eden moments o'er.

TO FLORA.

Sweet Flora, parent of ethereal Spring,
Thy various treasures, fresh and verdant, fling
In rich profusion o'er the waking earth;
That hearts and minds, with Nature's beauty struck,
Some of thy offspring, many-hued, may pluck,
To deck the altar or adorn the hearth.

We hail triumphantly thy blest return,
Arraying all the woodland and the burn
Tastefully with luxuriance again;
While ever, as thy footsteps glide along,
The joyous birds attune a welcoming song,
Harmoniously breathing o'er the plain.

Ye showery breezes, hasten gently by,
Wooing the peeping plants with softest sigh,
And touch with loving tenderness and care

The downy buds in garden or in wood;
Where interlacing branches form a bower rude,
For wearied hearts, o'erladen with despair.

O blighting winds, children of Arctic waves,
Go and abide within your hoary caves,
There ever unavailingly howl on;
But come not here, with Desolation's form,
That crouches by the spirit of the storm,
Who sceptred sits upon a gloomy throne.

To Flora now pour forth the vineyard's stream,
Resplendent as the wave in sunset's beam,
In skilfully-wrought goblets foaming o'er;
For Health and Cheerfulness, with rosy Love,
Round decorated Flora gaily move,
And their delightful incense gladly pour.

THE MAGIC OF SOLITUDE.

There are rapt thoughts, that over memory's waste
Rush like the thunder on the tempest's wing,
In swift succession, while the obscure past
And future to Imagination spring;
And the strung spirit, daring, burns to soar
Above this world, to higher atmosphere,

And wander in enthusiasm on the shore
Of Fantasy's wide ocean's mystic sphere.
How pleasant then it is, in some lone wood,
Upon the bank of a loud-roaring stream,
Where Nature lifts her rocks above the flood,
To rest one's being, wearied with the dream
Of fevered life, while the sweet breath of night
Sheds exhalations on the silent leaves,
Amid whose branches far, the light
Of the soft moon religious beauty weaves.
Yes, I assert there's magic in this hour
Not in the rising dawn or parting day,
For now high contemplation's secret power
Absorbs all earthly thoughts beneath its sway;
And then the mind is moved in every part
By holy influences, seeming to breathe,
Like sacred music to the ecstatic heart,
The truth of all the visions it may wreathe.
What though the soul has fallen from the height
Of wisdom, clear and vast, where erst it sate,
It yet retains its aspirations bright
And wasteless, even in its present state.
For in man's ethereal essence glow
The ardent hopes of immortality,
Unquenched amid this varied scene of woe,
This nether sphere of mutability.
Divinely destined for those glorious plains
Beyond Imagination's highest sphere,

It scorns this low existence, with the chains
Of narrow limits that confine it here,
And, feeling woven on its shoulders wings,
It longs to hasten to that brighter world
It now by faith beholds afar, while springs
Like liquid fire, or glowing flag unfurled,
The wish to comprehend and fathom more
Of Nature's mysteries and their dread Cause;
And then, the dark blue ether treading o'er,
To view unrobed the universe's laws.
Yes, the Soul has its ideas of purer bliss
And higher knowledge than things present give
But in a holier state, removed from this,
The good man shall be satisfied and live.
But these desires were unsubstantial, vain,
And madness then to cherish in the mind,
If only a terrific doom remain,
Annihilation, after all, behind!
For why hath the Almighty Being given
These lofty views to reasoning man alone,—
The shadowed prospect of a future heaven,
The circle of His everlasting throne,—
If all be mere illusion, like the dream
That joys the desert wanderer's breast awhile?
'Twere mockery indeed!—But the shining gleam
Of Revelation cheers us with its smile—
That man was made immortal, and to be,
Through Christ, united with Divinity.

STANZAS.

How oft affection's memory lingers o'er
  The golden hours I have passed with thee,
And colours Fancy's thickly-peopled shore
  With the appearance of reality!

It seems as if thy dearest eyes of light,
  Clear as the depth of Italy's blue sky,
And thy fair tresses, negligently dight,—
  A lovely image,—dimly hovered by.

Methinks my heart, insatiate, can feel
  The timid pressure of thy beauteous hand,—
That dewy eve, when last we parted, steal
  Through it most thrillingly, with freshness bland.

Thy touching voice's lute-like murmurings
  Seem breathing to me melody again,
As if some distant instrumental strings,
  Heard but not seen, poured forth a winning strain.

Thy dulcet smile, like starlight in a stream,
  Love's faithful mirror happily portrays;
Ah, would that I were near, to catch the gleam
  That even now, perchance, thy lip arrays.

My spirit, like a flower, withering alone
In drought when rain delays its anodyne,
Is thirsting for thy presence, dearest one,
Sweet well of water to life's desert scene!

TO THREE SISTERS.

"Beautiful spring of youth, and hope, and passion,
What after moment can compare with thee?"

Beauty's daughters, linked together
By the pure and holy ties
Of affection's gentle spirit,
Rich in childhood's memories,
Gaily every blissful vision
Iris hope delights to gild,
Brightening all the moments fleeting
To the past's enchanted field.

Joy and gladness make their dwelling
In your bosom's peaceful home,
Where they e'er may rest their pinions,
And forget the wish to roam.
Love could never from his bower
Stray entranced with purer souls,
Where the wave of deep devotion
Woman's own sweet nature rolls.

Music's flowing accents mingle
With your voice's harmony,
While they swell like silvery billows,
When the moonlight lades the sea:
Then imagination wanders,
'Neath your wild subduing spell,
To a hope the shadowy future
Stores within its secret cell.

May your pathway through life's ocean
Always freely, calmly glide;
Nor a shadow cast an image,
To obscure its sunny tide;—
May your fresh and youthful feelings
Tranquil gladness e'er renew,
Like the light of wisdom fadeless.
Beauty's daughters! now Adieu.

THE GRAVE IN THE DESERT.

THE ARAB MAIDEN'S SONG.

He lies beyond the mountains,
In a lonely grave,
Where the dreadful Siroc's spirit
Wakes his loudest rave:

To the burning arid skies
Spire-like cypresses arise,
A hope-bearing sign
Of the life divine.

I tremblingly planted them
When deepest my woe:
Alas! they tell silently
Of the dead below:
My sad bosom pineth here,
While mine eyes let fall the tear;
For Ahmed is gone,
And I am alone.

What is the world, but darkness,
Now that he is gone!
He was my star, where brightly
Love's choice essence shone.
Ah! my heart's cherished flowers,
Like the daylight's flitting hours,
Are perishing fast
In despair's keen blast.

Hast thou marked a rose decay,
When summer is o'er,—
How the fruits of beauty fade,
And bloom no more?

So my form slowly wasteth,
And my little life hasteth
To those bright isles,
Where my own love smiles.

THE PARTING.

Farewell! but 't will be for ever:—
The word, like the sea on the shore,
Will sound in our hearts, though we sever,
And try not to think of it more.

We have tasted the chalice of pleasure,
The richest that Love ever gave;
We have feasted with much of earth's treasure,
The spoil of the mine and the wave.

But the brightest joy under heaven
Must sooner or later depart,
Leaving nought but a mass of hopes riven,
To darken the light of the heart.

Thus the bliss of once cherished affection
Hath vanished for ever away;
Bequeathing a wreck for dejection,
And sorrow for many a day.

THE ROVER'S ADIEU.

Night is on the deep:
The moon's bright quivering, like joy
And love trembling with fear's alloy,
Calls the sprites from sleep.

The Petrel is nigh,—
Her canvas flutters in the blast:
Sighing, a spirit hastens fast,
To shade the fair sky.

Idol of my heart,
Oh, let not sadness o'er thee fling
The desert of her wildering wing,
Though we must part.

Hope within thy dreams,
Beloved one, shall weave a spell,
Thy thoughts in loneliness to quell,
And thy sad tear streams.

Oh, weep not for me:
Ere the sunbeams rise, I shall come
To my wild heart's happiest home,—
Tenderness and thee.

Night is on the bay:
My comrade's signal lades the gale,
Like the distant sea-mew's wail:
Ah! I must away.

BABYLON.

"Sit thou silent, and get thee into darkness, O daughter of the Chaldeans."—Isaiah xlvii. 5.

The tempest of destruction, like a flood
Of rushing waters, joyous in its strength,
Hath gathered o'er thee, revelling in the hour
When elemental thunderings were heard around,—
When rose on earth the hoary prophet's voice,
The living winds of heaven bore away,
Far over the immeasurable sea—
"How hath the tyrant's iron rule decayed,
The golden city ceased!"
Imperial Queen,
The glories of thy crown of pride are gone,
And thy once mighty sceptre lieth low,
A broken reed before the potent storm;
Thou 'rt fallen to the ground, like Lucifer,
Star of the morning, ne'er to rise again.
Oh! where is now the fame thy vaunting chiefs,

Bold spirits! thought would elevate, and shed
Unfading haloes round their else mean names?
For He, all empire's Lord, the Chastener,
Hath burst the bubble when its colours glowed
Most prosperously bright.
Oh! where are those
By whom ye hoped a universal sway
To gain, by conquering the spacious world?
The iron arm that waved the scimitar,
Hurled the djereed, and reined the fiery steed,
Are blended with the earth—no trace remains,
The dust of centuries obscureth all:
It covers your graves, your homes, and towers,—
The imperial palaces and gardens once
So famed throughout the earth,—yea, all the bright,
And fair, and noble structures of your land.
Thus all earth's things, the best and beautiful,
If not directed to their final end,
The glory of the one true God, as signs
Of gratitude for His beneficence,
Must, like the visions of sweet childhood's time,
Change and decay. Empires and theories
Of man are transient: they fall, others rise
Upon their speedy wreck; they flourish for a time,
Then perish in their turn, and leave behind
Few marks whereby the traveller may note
The glory of the past. Yea, all changes,
But Christ's kingdom, the holy Church Divine,—

A power mystical, in, not of, the world:
The storms of hatred, wrath, and error, may
Impel their surging waves against her walls,—
She, founded on the Rock of Ages, smiles,
While, baffled, they recoil upon themselves.

THE SONG OF THE WAVES.

We rise, we rise, with a joyous bound,
  At the breeze's call, a crested throng;
We lift to the skies our grandest sound,
  And shake the earth with our loudest song;
While gaily the floating nymphs rejoice,
At the echoes wild of our mighty voice.

We rise, we rise, in the midnight dark,
  Aloft with the elemental crash,
To triumph over the lonely bark,
  Disclosed by the fitful lightning's flash:
On, on we roll with the victory,
As the stricken mariners gasping die.

We rise, we rise, by the sunny lands,
  Where the woods their swaying branches dip

In our streams that flow upon yellow sands,
Softly as words from a beauty's lip;
There calmly heave 'neath the gentle moon,
Till the storm-king wakes his deafening tune.

We rise, we rise, and our music hastes
On aerial wings from shore to shore,
With the petrel's cry o'er the barren wastes,
Absorbed in the din of the thunder's roar.
This song we sing: What power can be
A match for the waves of the mighty sea?

STANZAS.

Why do I gaze on her again
Who is another's now?
Why linger o'er her loveliness,
Her pale, cold, haughty brow?
I know not; but it is the last,
The only time, that I
May see the brightness of her glance,
Her blue and drooping eye.

She strikes her harp: alas! I hear
That voice beloved too well;

And, though I know that not for me
Awakes its charmful swell,
My madness weaves a burning chain
To bind me to the spot,
To hang upon its sweetness, which
Has tinged my earthly lot.

I dream of her, and of the hours
We wandered by the cliffs,
When, thrilling with the touch of love,
We watched the home-bent skiffs.
The sun of Hope too brightly shone
Upon life's cheerless isle,
My spirit was absorbed by her,
I lived but in her smile.

But now, my bosom must be clothed
With pride's imperious mail,
To guard against fond memories,—
Against their faithless spell:
The flame that glows within my heart,
With its inspired array,
And all that may recall the past,
Must, must be chased away.

THE LONE ONE'S LAMENT.

Air "Long, long ago."

O'er the deep sea, where the faint breezes blow,
Far, far away, far away,
Where the bright sun veils his beautiful brow,
Far, far away, far away,
There my love's bark swiftly saileth along;—
He dares the dread storm and the billowy throng:
Oh, that to him might be wafted my song;
Far, far away, far away.

'Will he return from "the land of the west,"
Far, far away, far away?
Yes, he will come and chase hence my unrest
Far, far away, far away.
But will he bring all the love he once said
Would not depart until life's stay was fled?
Ah! my fond spirit, confiding, is led
Far, far away, far away.

Shall we then roam o'er the paths that are now
Far, far away, far away;
Where rosy Love enchanted each woe
Far, far away, far away?
Like a worn exile lamenting his fate,
Or a lone bird bewailing her mate,
So for him pine I sad and desolate,
Far, far away, far away.

MARIUS IN THE RUINS OF CARTHAGE.

Shades of the dead, that haply wail around,
In or above these spacious ruins, hear,
If ye can, the voice of him who was and is
Your enemy. Aged Marius speaks,—
Marius, who, like an eagle, soared in power
When the fiery brand of horror gleamed,
A fearful meteor, o'er your fertile land.
His ancient might is weak now, therefore pierce
His heart with your empoisoned shafts of pain;
Let loose the vengeful Furies with their whips,
And all the torments keen revenge inspires
Or hatred urges,—even a sea of woe.
Pale is my cheek and withered is my form;
But the disdainful smile of scorn shall speak
My fearless heart's unbroken fortitude.
Shades of the dead, arise! behold the might
Of Time remorseless, with his friend Decay,
Holding their feast upon the last remains
Of your magnificence. Your noble fanes,
Your lofty towers, fortresses, and walls
Are broken down; their stones lie scattered round,
In wild confusion. Time's hand alone
Hath not been here. The exile now rejoices.
My mind recurs with triumph to the hour
When fierce destruction, like a whirlwind, blew,

Mine armies' flaunting standards to this shore.
How oft the midnight skies with lurid fires
Blazed,—reflections from the monstrous piles,—
Funereal pyres of mighty city, and
Of human beings an unnumbered throng!
How often echoed the loud wails and shrieks
Of timid matrons and fair virgins, and
The husband's and the lover's last farewell,—
The groan within, the burning ruins, and the crash,
Like earthquakes, of the falling roofs around,
Mixed with the victor's deafening shouts!
The sounds seem making music in my ears,
Whilst I recall my ancient glory's might.
These were the deeds deceptive Fame
Urged on my will to act, to climb the peak
Of dazzling honour, touch the heroes' skies,
And shine another sun. Coward minds
Would sicken at the means, and faint,
Pining like puling children, with remorse.
Although ungrateful Rome to banishment
Hath doomed me, and no friends are nigh to cheer,
Bidding me bear this seeming wretchedness,
Yet I scorn the world, defying all its power,
Through want and agony, to conquer me; me!
Marius the Great! I was alone in pomp,
I am in care; but, like Prometheus bound,
Have found an equal to my fallen lot,
An energy within! which subtly reigns,

And, like the poison of wild Zama's fields,
Diffuses through the veins of my strong heart
A spell that gives me courage to resist
Or die beneath the Fates' unerring dart.
What though an exile, like an eagle bound,
Beneath a burning sky, upon a rock?
My spirit is unquenched, and all the will
To act the daring deed, undaunted still.
The phalanxes of Rome I would inspire
With the majestic courage that has won
A thousand battles in the years gone by,
And, rushing o'er the slain, and cities' ruins,
Would overcome the human race, and make
The world my empire!
Spirits of Heaven, Earth, and Tartarus,
Prepare your vials! your terrors I defy:
Within these walls I yet will wage the strife,
Upheld by that internal consciousness
Which smiles at all your strength, for gods nor men
Shall ne'er the real victory win, as long
As a pulsation throbs within my heart.
Shades of the dead! back to your gloomy home,
Unite your lamentations to despair,
Marius, the Exile, is your conqueror.

ELLEN, MY DEAREST.

Air " Kathleen Mavourneen."

Ellen, my dearest, the bright moon is rising,
The star of the evening is seen in the west,
The dying winds seem as if sweetly enticing
The waves of the lake to the stillness of rest.
Come forth from thy bower, the daylight is fleeting,
The time of our trysting is fast going by,
Forget not your promise of this happy meeting,
O Ellen, my dearest, sweet balm of my sigh.

Ellen, my dearest, come forth from thy bower:
Is the magic that once lay hid in my song,
To thrill in thy bosom, beguiled of its power?
For you said you could listen all the day long.
Come forth from thy bower, my light bark is floating
Upon the calm waters, 'tis waiting for thee!
Good angels are near, and tenderly noting,
O Ellen, my dearest, our heart's melody.

THOUGHTS IN A RUINED CHURCH.

Our Saxon land hath wealth and power,
  Gifts of the *world*, at will;
Extensive towns and cities rise,
  The plains and valleys fill.
Far o'er the ocean, where the sun
  Conceals his crimson ray,
And where he pours his fiercest beam,
  Thousands confess her sway.
The might of intellect, the stores
  Of science, rich and vast,
The force of vigour that pursues
  Gigantic plans with haste,
Exalting her upon a throne,
  Submissively have crowned
Her the sole conqueror, the queen
  Of all the nations round.

But yet this fair and sunny land,
  For all its brilliancy,
Lacks one bright jewel to complete
  The lustre of its majesty:
That priceless pearl, the widest rule,
  The world's most potent spell,
Nor fame, nor might, nor gems and gold,
  Can purchase at their will.

The warrior's sword may be ensheath'd,
The feuds of nations die,
But still this treasure shineth in
The mansions of the sky.

It is a sweet and heavenly thing,
Loving *with faith* to dwell;
It sanctifies the lowly heart,
The church, and hidden cell.
It says, with mild unearthly voice,
"The world's bright toys must cease,
That all is worse than vanity
Without *religious* peace:"—
That peace, which helps man here to gain
His end, his chiefest good,
By holiness and charity,
The favour of his God!

Methinks our fertile Saxon land,
In earlier days of yore,
More glorious was:—*another fame*
Was heard from shore to shore,
Founded on simpler deeds, and things
Of faith's simplicity;
"The Isle of Saints" was deemed a name
Replete with dignity.
True piety and holy zeal,
Like Israel's king of old,

The beauty loved of Christ's abode,
The united Church's fold.
They joyed to see His altar draw
Rich offerings of art,
Divinely given to teach the mind
Or warm the pious heart;
While hallowed poverty's estate
Awoke no scornful smile,
And true equality was found
Within the Church's aisle.
The modern thirst for fading wealth,
Impelling thoughtless men
To force their brethren, night and day,
To ransack mount and glen,
For substance to maintain the fire
Of blind, insatiate Luxury,
Tormented not the mind as now
With sad anxiety.
Our Saxon land was not so famed,
But ills were then unknown—
Those ills that wring the pitying tear
And sympathizing groan.

Oh! it is saddening to reflect
How many, day by day,
In this fair land, are wearing fast
Their precious souls away.

For what? to make the lofty rich
  Prouder and richer still;
And break, with Egypt's bricks and straw,
  The uncomplaining will.
Nor is the fettered English Church
  The poor man's refuge now;
Her altars do not soothe his heart,
  Nor smooth his care-worn brow.
These ruined walls, these mossy stones,
  The poor man's sacred home,
Where once his pious footsteps strayed,
  Declare a tale of gloom.
Behold, the thorn and bramble hide
  The throne of mercy, where
The gracious Saviour loved to come
  And His own Feast prepare.
The spiral grass waves in the wind,
  And seems to heave a sigh,
While many holy monuments
  Defaced and shattered lie.

O haughty England, mourn the day,
  Bewail the dark sad hour,
When ruthless men thy sceptre sway'd
  With sacrilegious power;—
When, like the wild boar of the wood,
  They tore God's beauteous vine,

Brake down His altars, and despoiled
His saints' time-honoured shrine.
O Church of England, join the wail,
The wail of deepest woe;
Thy chosen shepherds lent their aid
To lay thy beauty low.
The Lord bequeathed His church His peace:
"My peace I give to thee,—
Not as the world giveth, give I,
But as it is *in me*."
This gift divine was bartered for
The world's deceitful smile—
Thy branch, O English church, gave in,
Lured by the tempter's wile;
Thy food is now affliction's bread,
Thy drink, the stream of woe;
Meet penance! for thy clanking chains
Command the tears to flow.
Mourn, mourn thy present want of strength
To cope with Error's might,
Thy people's alienated love
Once, once, so warm and bright.
The God of peace and mercy loves
The humble, contrite heart,—
He may arise, and break thy bonds,
And life renewed impart.
Thy stately altars, walls, and towers,
May everywhere arise,

To bless our lovely Saxon land,
And gladden Christian eyes.

THE FASHIONABLE MOTHER.

Her child grows not beneath her eye,
Supported by maternal care;
But strangers hush each little cry,
Like charity calming despair.
Unfelt the mother's raptured thought,
Developing new joy and love,
Repaid by all that is unbought—
Affection into duty wove;
By brightening looks, when knowledge 'gins
Like morning on the sea to beam;
And by the blooming smile that wins,
And blesses with its heavenly gleam.
At intervals, her little one
Is brought,—it woos her fond caress,
The tender flower turns to the sun;
But where the mother's tenderness?
Alas! her heart's unyielding springs
Dissolve not at the plaintive gush
Of her infant's broken murmurings,
Aroused from slumber's gentle hush.
Cold are her words, and smiles, and looks,
Dry is the bosom's sacred mount,

For fashion chills affection's brooks,
The streams of nature in their fount.

A RECOLLECTION.

Air "We met."

'Twas night,—the deep sea calm,
And the pale stars were beaming;
I sighed, for I could mark
Her sad tears by their gleaming.
She spoke; but, oh! the tones
On her trembling lips faded,
My soul! 'twas like the night
With a dark mantle shaded.
I clasped her to my heart
Dissolving with hot fever;
The shaft of fate had sped,
Our early love to sever.
The knell of parting came,
And I prayed with love's madness,
Then fled; alas! how deep
Was my anguish and sadness.
'Tis night,—the deep sea calm,
And the pale stars beaming,
As when that gentle girl
I met beneath their gleaming.

I mourn, for memory brings
  The past with its bright hours:
I see her melting eyes,
  And her hair wreathed with flowers;
My heart, though gayest lays
  Of rich music awaken,
Now feels their spell is o'er,
  For 'tis lone, 'tis forsaken.
O Love, thy brightest buds
  Their life from tear-drops borrow;
'Tis sweet with thee to smile,
  But sweeter to weep in sorrow.

TO A YOUNG LADY.

Rose of R—l's matchless bowers,
Fairest of the fairest flowers,
My simple muse now strikes for thee
The music of love's minstrelsy:
If thou 'lt linger o'er her strain,
Joy will be her sweetest pain,
But if love the bliss deny,
Courage tells her how to die.

Maid of beauty, thy deep eyes,
Lovelier than the summer's skies,

In their curtained orbits lie,
Full of playful witchery.
Who can paint, or what portray,
Half the spells that in them play?
And thy voice's song to hear,
'Tis enchantment to the ear.

Who can hear, or gaze on thee,
With his heart's emotion free,
Viewing in his visions wove
Fairy webs of spotless love?
How blest is he who lingers by,
Marking thy grace and dignity,
Who gains a sweet approving smile
Of beauty's own entangling wile!

Fare thee well! in R—l's bowers
Brightly pass the winged hours;
May envious sorrow never smart
With bitterness thy gentle heart.
May joy's dear spirit ever bring
Fresh treasures on untiring wing,
To strew thy path through R—l's bowers
With happiness's fairest flowers.

THOUGHTS IN A CHURCHYARD.

Here lie the dead, embraced in solemn sleep,
Until this fair world's final overthrow;
Vile reptiles crawl, and dire corruptions heap
Their horrors over every abject brow.
Ay, feast exultingly, like vultures dread,
Upon the gory piles, ambition, pride,
And avarice insatiably have led
To strew the field of conflict far and wide.
Earth's mighty ones may here repose
Beside the lowly they once triumphed o'er;
Their souls, conjoined, perchance, in common woes,
Mourn on a dark illimitable shore.
And, ah! the fairest forms and merriest hearts
That glowed with human impulses, the best
That Christian love to fallen man imparts,
May here, O Earth, be lying in thy breast.

Here we may learn that all life's pleasures find
The level that must quickly wait on them;
That even the might of intellect and mind,
The studious scholar's royal diadem,
Is profitless as treasures 'neath the main,
And powerless to limit certain fate:
Their day is o'er, they only swell the train
Of the undying past's remorseless state.

Here cease the wicked to molest the good,
Whose firm resolve established fast their deeds;
Here doth the wearied one, in solitude,
At last repose, nor more with sorrow bleeds,—
Here doth he find a refuge from the world
His broken soul so long desired in vain;
Here sees no more misfortune's flag, unfurled,
Come hasting like a tempest o'er life's plain.
Stern death is man's unfailing portion here,
"The lot of all revolves within one urn:"
When hope is bright, the mandate, dread and drear,
Commands us hence, making our bosoms burn.

We know not where we go, nor where the land
Acknowledging the pale king's potent sway,
Nor what our lot shall be, when with the band
Who never more shall know decay.
'Tis true the immortal portion wings its flight
To Him who gave a heavenly spark to clay;
But whether it shall worship in the light
At once of His bright presence, who shall say?

Alas! few tread the narrow way to life
With firm and stedfast pace, without a fall,
In actions, thoughts, or words, amid the strife
Of this world's conflict. The starry hall

Opes not its gate to anything defiled;
Imperfect penitents perchance may wait,
In "keeping safe," till thoroughly assoiled,
And after judgment enter the Eternal State.

LINES.

The human heart is fetterless and free,
To choose both good and evil as its test;
It therefore is the cause of its own agony,
The author of its sorrow and unrest.
Why then complain? But if upon life's tide
It yields its bark to daring passion's sway,
Oh, what shall pilot it, and guide
Its course aright in virtue's holy way?

How good it is, when true devotion twines
Its silken chains around the seeking soul,
When mild religion's chastening power combines
T' invigorate the good, the bad control!
As when the sun receding sheds a light
Of mystic richness on the trees and earth,
So love, when joined with true religion's might,
Hallows the heart with thoughts of heavenly birth.

THE SNOW-DROP.

Offspring of the wild!
Springing in dark wintry skies,
While the stormy tempests rise,
Nature's spotless child.

Herald of the spring!
Breathing low that brighter days
Will draw nigh with summer's rays,
On the breeze's wing.

Purity's fair type!
Deep devotion's holy thought
Hath a gentle vision caught
From thy spirit ripe.

From the ice-bound earth
Thou hast risen, while decay
Stalked along in drear array
O'er the spot of thy birth.

So this mortal frame,—
When destruction's angel pours
On the trembling hills and shores
His chalice of flame,—

Shall rise to the soul,
Its former being take,
And its thirst for knowledge slake
Where clear waters roll.

THE DYING CHILDREN'S SONG.

Weep not, sweetest mother, dear!
We hasten to a sunny land,
Where all God's holy chosen ones
Form a loving, glorious band.

There no sorrows, tears, nor sighs,
Ever shade joy's blessed spell;
But unchanging bliss is there,
And music sweet, we love so well.

Weep not, sweetest mother, dear,
For brighter stars and skies are there,
Than meet your gentle eyes on earth,
And golden light pervades the air.

The cup of bliss will court our lips,
Those lips that here it flies before;
'Twill to our souls give endless life,
And wisdom from its sacred store.

Weep not, sweetest mother, dear,
Though the hearts so throbbing now
Grow still with death, for we shall rise,
When brighter rays shall gild thy brow.

With holy angels we will come,
To guard thee from too anxious care;
And bear to the all-loving God,
With them, each saintly sigh and prayer.

THE QUESTION.

Will you love me, sweet girl, when the fairy-like lute
Of hope, breathing gladness, lies broken in twain,—
When the voice of despair bids its music be mute,
As darkness envelopes prosperity's train?
Will affection's endearments of looks and of sighs
Betoken your sympathy's own tenderness?
Will the tones of your voice, and the tears in your eyes,
The unimpaired warmth of your bosom express?

But forgive me, beloved one, these questions of fear:
They hasten away like the clouds from the sun,
When the angel of spring to the desolate year
Breathes softly of freshness and beauty begun.
Ever thus is true passion,—be certain of this,
That then it binds fastest the true loving heart;
And believe me, my sweetest, come woe, or come bliss,
The light of affection shall never depart.

THE CHARM OF LIFE.

What soothes the pang of misery,
The shaft of painful agony,
And oil over the surface flings
Of passion's troubled springs,
Where'er we go, where'er we rove?
'Tis love, 'tis love.

ON RECEIVING SOME FLOWERS.

A simple gift, from some loved hand,
Possesses an electric power,
Like touching music's dulcet wand,
To entrance a lonely hour,
And awake in a fond heart
Thoughts that sighs too well betray,
And in symbolled speech impart
All that words dare not convey.

Thus these sweetest of Spring's flowers,
Nursed amid the chilling wind,
Breathe a perfume through the bowers
Of affection in my mind.
Though the sweet leaves of beauty will
Lose too soon their fair array,
Yet here's a heart, in good or ill,
Whose truthfulness shall not decay.

EFFECTS.

Too often, a glance and word
  Awaken feelings meant not;
Unseen by others, and perchance unheard,
  They never can be forgot.
A light touch causes the red blood
  To glow in the pallid cheek,
And the hidden rush of passion's flood
  In the eyes emotion speak.
They may be nothing, but yet they tell
On the apt and tender heart too well.

THE BETROTHED.

She sits among her sisters,
  A blooming flower like them;
She wears no graceful garland,
  In her tresses gleams no gem;
But her brow is calm and placid,
  In nature's sweet array,
While smiles light up her features,—
  It is her natal day.

Blest thoughts and holy feelings
Beam through her dearest eyes,
Blending with the deep gladness
And calm of Joy's uprise.
There's no tumult: all pervaded
By Religion's sacred ray,
A sense of all His blessings,
On this her natal day.

Hope the brightest buds is weaving
For blossoms on her path,—
May their beauty be unwithered
By the storms of hate and wrath!
May he whose faith is plighted,
Ne'er her trusting heart betray,
But in future years remember
This, this her natal day.

THE PASSING BELL.

Hark! the deep and measured sound
Of the death-bell booms around,
Smiting sadly on the ear,
Chills the pious heart with fear,
Token of its future doom!

In the sacred turret swinging,
Ever and anon 'tis ringing,
Thoughts to heaven upward raising
Through the veil, the veil amazing,
That a law hangs o'er the tomb.

Another soul hath winged its flight
To the heaven of endless light,
Or to the dim imperfect state,
There, till the last trump, to wait,
When the Books shall opened be.
It hath passed *one* sharp ordeal,
The first dread and searching trial,
Its place of woe or happiness,
Untold disgrace or blessedness,
Is settled for eternity.

Ye whom God hath left behind,
Trying with His storm and wind,
Wanderers in this vale of tears,
Full of sorrows, cares, and fears,
Think of one now gone before.
He may be in Paradise,
Desiring God, with ardent sighs,
And through Christ, an orison
May obtain him the bright vision
Of the Throne on Heaven's shore.

THE PARTED ONE.

She sate on the deck alone,
  Her fair hand pillowed her head;
And her silken tresses shone
  In the light by the moonbeams shed.
The sky was fair, and the billows bright,
  They gleamed in the silvery ray;
But little she recked of that lovely night,
  For her heart and thoughts were far away.

She thought of her peaceful home,
  The bower, and violet dell,
By the wild sea's dashing foam,
  Her memory loves so well;
She thought of one, and the joyful past,
  With its hours spent on the ocean's shore,
While many a tear fell thick and fast,
  Relief of the stricken bosom's core.

She looked on the glowing sky,
  She looked on the heaving main;
Her pulse grew strong, and her heart beat high,
  For hope returned again.
The spirit fair of the dream of youth
  Then breathed in her listening ear,—
"Sigh not for parting, 'twill prove the truth
Of the love professed, and the words you hear."

THE RETURN.

The Spirit hath returned from the unrest
Of visionary doubts and fears,
And closes wearied pinions in the breast
Wet with the dew of many sighs and tears.
Over each thought an evening's calm is stealing,
Divine and placid, like the blest effect
Of holy prayer on highly-strung deep feeling,
When one's ideas of happiness seem wreck'd.

And so affection's spirit hath returned
To re-enlighten its own chosen bower,
And warm the fainting embers that have burned,
Unknown of others, through many an hour,—
That Providence raised darkly in the past
To purify my soul with dread misgivings,
By changing sweet to bitter, in the waste
Of dreary life, filled with sharp sorrow-stings.

IMPROMPTU.

WRITTEN AT THE REQUEST OF A LADY.

There's a tone in thy voice, and a light in thine eye,
With magic and music for me;
While the smiles on thy lips, like bright banners, lie,
Or beams on the blue summer sea.

The Spirit of Beauty hath fondly embraced thee,
And made thee her dearly-loved throne;
She is thrilling my heart: O Florence, the free,
What an Eden to call thee my own!

There is grace in thy step as thou movest along
The bowers of gladness and mirth,
To measures the sweetest, amid a gay throng,
Strewing flowers of joy on the earth.
Thrice happy the being who wandereth by,
Observing thy glances and tone;
Half the bliss becomes his that waketh the sigh
I am breathing to call thee my own.

The hours wave o'er thee the rosiest wing
They reserve for their sunniest isles;
While the moments some rapture or new pleasure bring,
Thy pathway adorning with smiles.
But with me all is cheerless, for, absent from thee,
The daylight is sad, and joyousness gone;
Gay songs may resound—they now kindle in me
No thought but to call thee my own.

EARTHLY THINGS DECAY, BUT LOVE FOR GOD SUSTAINETH US.

If you love sweet garden flowers
For their beauty's sake alone,
If you catch the passing hours
For the present bliss they own;
Then your soul will never know
The nature of this world below.

Behold, the loveliest flowers decay
In the full vigour of their life,
And present gladness hastes away,
Like sunlight from the ocean's strife.
'Tis with the past! and you must still
Fight on with energy of will.

We may not love the bright the best,
Nor prize the dazzling the most;
That which confirms and calms the breast,
When all but weary life is lost,
Should be most loved by those who would
Guard in their hearts a solitude.

It is a world of varied change,
From light to dark, from dark to light;
But love for God, where'er we range,
Makes all the darkness fair and bright.
Let trials come, they cannot move
The soul wherein abides this love.

DESCRIPTION OF A SUNSET.

The evening sun's magnificent array
Engilds the home whereto he wends his way.
Behold, the various tints blend with the blue,
So pure and deep, pervading all the sky;
And mark, the clouds' soft edges gain a hue
Of glowing fire, mocking the daring eye.
Mass upon mass of burning layers beam,
Like scales of burnished gold upon the breast
Of some mailed warrior; and there seem,
Like other suns, far in the distant west,
Some spots, intensely bright, sailing away,
As if towards another world and brighter day.
Behold, the early sunset fades away,
Rich purple colours flaunt the radiant skies:
Imagination may trace here a bay,
And there some flashing islands rise,
While golden waves seem heaving on their shores,
A fiery shower from their gorgeous floors;
And, with the varying of the atmosphere,
The molten waves and isles together clash,
And shapes fantastic to the zenith rear
Their dazzling lustre, like the lightning's flash.
There is a spell in such an hour as this,
Dissolving all the soul away with bliss.
You feel strange stirrings in the beating heart,
Intoxication in each raptured part,

And wish for wings, expanded and unfurled,
To bear you on to this enchanting world ;
And then you muse on by-gone tales of old,
And revel 'mid the clouds until they 're cold.
Oh ! 'tis a glorious, triumphant hour,
Replete with wild extravagance and power :
Its happiness denies strict Reason's sway,
But, ah ! its joy fades with departing day.

*** Two or three ideas in the above are borrowed from Willis.

RESIGNATION.

My trembling soul, ah, why reject
The cup of pain and woe?
Hath truth not taught thee to reflect
What man is here below?
Born, born to suffer, as the birds
Are born in air to fly,
To live awhile and utter words,
Then lay him down and die.
Such, as a creature, is his end,
Too trifling for the soul,
That fain above the clouds would wend,
To mark the thunder roll.
But, as a Christian, he must go
Upon the Cross's way,

And, like his Lord, endure the throe
  Of many a sad day.
He, as a penitent, must toil
  Under a heavy load,
And thankfully, without recoil,
  Receive each pointed goad.
Then, O my soul, accept the cup
  Thy Jesus offers thee;
And gladly of its bitters sup,
  That pardoned I may be.

FRIENDSHIP.

Friendship is a tender flower,
  Blooming sweetly in the heart;
Asking part of the devotion
  Warm affection can impart.
Like the snowy lily, drooping,
  'Neath the summer cloudless sky,
When the rain delays its coming
  It will fade away and die:
But if care and gentle culture
  Lend their patient bland endeavour,
It will bear some golden fruit,
  Flourish on, and live for ever.

PASS AWAY.

All the fresh thoughts of the beauty of youth
Pass, pass away, pass away,
And all the visions so imprest with truth
Pass, pass away, pass away:
Like the last roses of autumn they fade,
When the dark tempest hastes over the glade;
Would all the griefs that my bosom now lade
Pass away, pass away.

The blue sea is calm, the sounds from the caves
Pass away,
And the smooth billows o'er the seamen's deep graves
Pass away.
Do their lone spirits, in the howl of the gale,
Absence from loved ones awake the sad tale,
As o'er the wavè doth their desolate wail
Pass away?

Time may speed on, and woe in its flight
Pass away;
Life with its colours of darkness and light
Pass away:
But who can bridle affection's regret,
Or bid the deserted one sorrow forget?
No, no; the emotions of love will not yet
Pass, pass away, pass away.

THE EMIGRANTS.

A BALLAD.

There was a time, a merrie time,
England was happy then,
When fewer wants possessed the hearts
Of our bold countriemen.

Silver and gold had lesser charms
Their faithful souls to lure,—
They made no haste to increase wealth,
Nor trampled on the poor.

The Church's sacred rites were loved
And reverenced by all,
Their willing feet responded to
The morn and vesper call.

'Tis true there were some careless ones
Heedless of the true bliss;
But there will always be such men,
Whilst human nature is.

But they had not yet learned to deem
Human opinion truth,
For in their souls there latent lay
The faith of early youth.

Customs and times are altered now,
Truth is what each one deems :
One faith, one church, the many scorn,
And think but idle dreams.

Hence you may measure this fair land,
And find out here and there
But two or three who *altars* love,
Or *live* in holy prayer.

The modern church seems powerless,
The poor man's heart to draw :
Its service wins not on his love,
It is too cold a law.*

And yet Christ's church was made to be
The *world's* attracting sun,
The *refuge* of the helpless poor,
The *home* of beings lone.

And if we go to other lands,
Ruled by the British name,
Alas ! we find the state of things
Is too, too much the same.

I stood upon Quebec's fair quay,
Where great St. Lawrence rolls,
And there I marked of emigrants
Some thousand living souls.

* That is, as the church's system is carried out, and her services conducted, in some places.

May God in mercy smile upon
  Old England's church again,
And move her to be mindful of
  Her children o'er the main.

Then she may be, as once of old,
  Amid this vale of tears,
The poor man's church and comfortress,
  The solace of his fears.

LINES TO ——.

If ever the tear of sadness
  Changes to a smile;
If ever the mind's keen madness
  Gladness doth beguile,
And all thought lies in the bowers
  Of Memory's wide sphere,
At peace, like eve's closed flowers,
  'Tis when thou art near.

If ever a moment brightens
  The voyage of life,
And sweetly allays and lightens
  Its burden of strife,—

If ever my soul is heedless
Of the world's career,
Alike of its turmoil dreadness,
'Tis when thou art near.

If ever a human feeling
Pure and high can be,
Such in my heart is stealing,
Sweet! for only thee.
And if it deem thee in absence
Precious and most dear,
How must it prize thy presence,
When thou art truly near.

THIS LIFE A PRELUDE TO FUTURE PERFECTION.

This earthly scene, where rival hosts contend
For objects, selfish interest to please,
Is but a prelude to another state
Wherein the circle of man's actions have
Their final end of happiness or woe—
Reward or punishment, beyond the bounds
Of finite thought's idea, when most absorbed
In the abyss of supernatural things.

In that blest state, the truth is seen by those
Who toil in virtue's self-denying ways,—
That there the soul shall know as it is known;
Its strange bewildering at the chaos seen
Within the limits of this nether sphere,—
True virtue with ungodliness confused,
As if it were not different in kind,—
Shall be removed, and the perfection which
It nobly struggles here to gain, shall be
So thoroughly and bountifully given,
That all desires shall then be satisfied.

But yet the moral disarrangement that
Prevails so widely in this beauteous world
Was once unknown. Divinely taught, we know
That man was made all perfect, when the hand
Of the Creator moulded him to be
A lively image of himself; a glass
Wherein His own Divine perfections were
Most lovingly reflected, as a stream
Reflects the bright sun, or the starry skies.
For God is the great fountain of all good,
Whence man derived his real happiness,
His goodness, pity, knowledge vast,
Embracing all within the creature's power.
Such was his state. He was not a machine
With movements guided by necessity;
For one mysterious property was his—
Free will,—by which he might have stood, unmoved,

Upon his lofty moral pinnacle.
The same mysterious property belonged,
And still is owned by angels, who, for joy,
Sang praises to their God, when light
Unfurled its pinions from the darkness dense,
While the loud thunder of the mighty Word
Awoke a world that slumbered like the dead.
As those blest spirits, so he might have kept
His innocence without a spot. Alas!
Like some of them, by arrogance, he fell,
And in proportion to his glorious height,
So low was his most sad inglorious fall.

Who has not visited some hoary abbey,
One of the many that adorned this land,
And not been struck, amid the sacred wreck,
With the magnificence and grandeur that
Still lingers o'er the ruins,—and even awed,
When the departing sunlight pours a flood
Of gorgeous radiance o'er the ivied walls?
Who does not see the sweet comparison
Between it and man's fallen, ruined soul?
In the one, decay has not quite swept away
The tokens of its ancient, holy use;
In the other, sin has not entirely
Effaced the graven image of the God.
Dim is the knowledge of the eternal good,
And dark the light by which man once could see
The dread realities beyond the grave;

But still the old materials remain,
Wherewith a new and holy temple fair
May be rebuilt, and man again become
Exalted, purified, restored to God.
Capacities are yet within the soul,
To know, love, and adore the great Original,
To recognize His holiness and truth,
When set before it, with the evidence
The Almighty to His teaching ever gives.
It hopes and longs for some great good long lost,
But which, its instinct breathes, inhabiteth
A land of perfect order, peace, and joy,
The most ineffable and beautiful;
The perfect substance of those qualities
In earth's external and internal things,
The perfections of all mundane figures;
For all the harmony, repose, and bliss,
Which haply may delight our sojourn here,
Are in themselves but images and types
Of those which are eternally in God.
The nature of free-will remains the same
In efficacy, both to good and ill:
It may co-operate with, it may reject,
The free and overflowing grace of God;
And therefore man is the true author of
His own condition in this world, and in
The world to come. According to the tone
Of his mind's principles, his lot may be

Of brightest joy, or darkest misery, full.
Experience tells that certain actions bring
The sweetest pleasure, or the bitterest pain,
To agonize or gladden our poor hearts;
While memory their epitaph describes
In characters that time cannot efface.
And is there not a monitor, whose small voice
Speaks stilly in the bosom's secret depths,—
Unnerves the proudest, pales the fairest cheek,
And brings the guilty to the very dust,—
Painting in hideous colours the dread place,
The everlasting prison, where the souls
Of the impenitent shudder and lament,
And groan, by holy justice there consigned?
For He who constituted it a law,
That certain deeds should be attended by
Their certain consequences even here,
Still carries on this state of things the same
Hereafter. As within this changing world
An evil deed's result is temporal woe,
So in the other and unchanging world,
The same is followed by eternal pain;—
Unless, indeed, it be averted by
The tears, and prayers, and works of penitence.
God's mercy, since He deigned to be the Son
Of Holy Mary, puts within man's reach
The means, whereby our reason may subdue
The bad that hurries to enslave the soul.

The art of holy living we may learn,
Whereby to triumph over passion's sway,—
To startle not at fear, nor agony,
At hate, nor wrath, nor change of lot,
And sit securely, as one upon a tower,
Defying all the hungry world's arm'd might;
And we may learn, by deeds of charity,
To soften to our neighbour the harsh world
And our own hearts, and so contribute to
Remould and organize our fallen state.
Thus, love divine would re-illumine the soul,
And lead it gently on, by certain steps,
To perfect holiness in fear of God.

A virtuous life and spotless conscience would
Teach us with Faith's enlightened eye to view
The mysteries of life. The pious man
Unpitied in adversity may lie;
The wicked in prosperity may rise,
Upon the untimely victim's holocaust:
No anarch doubt would rack our finite minds,
To question why it should be so, or to
Arraign the dealing of a God most just;
Who, when He humbles us, in truth, exalts,—
And 'tis in thus distributing we find
Of moral government divine the strongest proof,
For were there no probation, there would be
No future prize for virtue's struggles here.

He who outspread the firmament,—whose throne

Is its blue concave, whose keen lightning gleamed
On the dark waters of the inconstant sea,
Before this lovely earth opposed a shore,—
Is mercy, goodness, power, love itself:
His wisdom infinite has spoken, and
Arranged a perfect code, bidding us rise
To its high standard, above the beaten path
Trod by the grovellers, who know not of
The dignity of their immortal souls.
Then should not common gratitude compel
The will to make it our philosophy,
And thereby fit ourselves to correspond
Unto the glorious end, the grand design
The wise and great Creator had in view,
When in our frames He breathed the breath of life?
Shall we neglect it, and prevent the plan,
By wreathing round our hearts the poisoned bands
Of vice and sensuality, wasting the soul
And God's sweet grace, its spiritual life,
By acting of those deeds, that with the brutes
Degrade us, and expose us to the risk
Of being the authors of our own contempt
And shame,—yea, and unpitied agony?
But let us feel that earth is not our real home
That it is but a place of exile, where
Our Maker tries us ever, day by day,
To purify, or win us to repent;
And that within the other world's dread veil

Unperishing joy or woe depends upon
The course, as travellers, we walk in here;
Then shall we safely clear the maze of life,
Pass through the gloomy valley of stern death,
And gain the state of unmixed happiness,
Where true perfection infinitely dwells,
A blessed union in the bosom of
The fount of sanctity, the all-holy God!

THE SONG OF THE SEA-WEEDS.

We are called sea-weeds, but we come from the bowers,
The clear blue depths, of the fetterless sea,
Where secretly blossom sweet beautiful flowers,
Untouched by a sunbeam or wandering bee;
There fair nymphs love us,
Who sing a gay song,
While the ocean's wild chorus eternally rolls.

We are reft from our dwelling to float on the billows,
When the trumpet of Æolus rouses the foam;
Then onward we wander, on undulant pillows,
Unheeding the tempest or where we may roam;
While the voice of the wave,
Swelling high on the blast,
Fills with awe the bold hearts of mariners lone.

Or we peacefully sail a less vehement flight,
When a calm comes on in a bright sunny day;
And when the moon rises, with a pathway of light,
We sleep in the hue of her heavenly ray,
With the luminous beams
Of the planets and stars,
As they scatter their beauty far over the wave.

Ever floating on, roving the wide ocean o'er,
Wherever the billows capricious may bear;
Yet we 're sometimes abandoned and fade on the shore,
Sweet spoil for earth's daughters of loveliness rare,
Who, fantastic as fays,
Entwine us in garlands,
Enriching the pages they love to adorn.

The life of frail man is chequered like ours:
Sometimes he is torn from the all he loves best,
Or his hope of success either brightens or lowers,
His bosom is troubled or sweetly at rest:
Whether joyous or sad
On the ocean of life,
The power of death makes him fade in the tomb.

THE PERSUASION.

Air "Maid of Athens."

Maid of beauty! lo, the beams
Of the sun, like happy dreams,
Haste away to other lands,
O'er the wave, in purple bands:
Wilt thou wander, love, with me,
Maid of beauty! o'er the sea?

Raise, beloved, those drooping eyes,
Brighter than the cloudless skies;
My boat is near, the breezes stay,
They will waft us far away:
Wilt thou wander, love, with me,
Maid of beauty! o'er the sea?

Gaze on yonder sunny isle,
'Tis illumined by Love's smile;
There his magic spells impart
Sweetest joy unto the heart.
Wilt thou wander, love, with me,
Maid of beauty! o'er the sea?

Maid of beauty! this shall be
Home of blissful peace for thee.

Ah, my soul must only know,
Wanting thee, the deepest woe.
Wilt thou wander, love, with me,
Maid of beauty! o'er the sea?

LINES TO ——.

How can I forget all those dear happy days
That fleeted, alas, too rapidly by,
When the Iris of hope, with its beautiful rays,
Lit up with a charm life's gladdening sky?
Thy smile was as bright as the morning, when, sighing,
It waketh from slumber on ocean's wild plain;
And thy voice was as soft as a symphony, dying,
In pathos requiring the tenderest strain.

Then thy young eyes of beauty, with witchery glowing,
Disclosed all the feelings of youth as they rose,
And thy tresses of auburn were lavishly flowing,
Unrivalled, o'er purity's dearest repose.
Oh! I lived in the light of thy looks and thy smiles,
As the sunflower basks in the noontide's warm ray,
And my spirit absorbed from thy varying wiles
A joy that yet brightens its desolate day.

ON SOME FLOWERS.

Sweet flowers, tokens from my love,
  Emblems of affection warm,
  Deep, and glowing with a charm,
Pure as heaven's hue above;
Ye are fresh, and bright, and fair,
  Children of the radiant spring,
  Brushed by beauty's softest wing,
Floating in the balmy air.

But a change must soon be yours,—
  The destiny of all the best,
  Gems the loveliest and rarest
Of earth's deepest hidden bowers.
Your matchless tints must fade away;
  Your green leaves, sprinkled with the dew,
  Lose their rich and verdant hue,
And be the victims of decay.

Yes, flowers wither, beauty fades,
  True love survives the wreck of all,
  The golden city and marble hall,
The silver rivers and purple glades;
It sheds a glory round the heart,
  A beam of heavenly birth
  Rejoicing any lonely hearth,
And e'en in death doth not depart.

TRUE CONSOLATION.

Is there a heart that hath not sighed
  In pleasing solitude,
Absorbed in reverie beside
  The wave or in a wood,
For one with finely gifted powers,
To steal the gloom from lonely hours?
For human nature seems to long
  For gentle sympathy,
To attract the unnumbered throng
  From their deep secresy,
Of hopes and fears, and joys and woes,
And faults that in the soul repose.

A loving wife, or cheerful friend,
  In their respective spheres,
May much healing succour lend,
  In all that grieves and wears
The mind within its mortal sheath,—
Desiring now, now dreading, death.
Sweet consolation each may give,
  Such as earth's creatures may
Each to the other; so we live,
  Though sad each trying day;—
But still the aching faithful heart
Wants other warrant for its rest.

Now, surely, He who so loved man,
A humble child to be,—
Whose soul was sad, whose life's blood ran
To heal our misery,—
Hath set within His temple those
Who in His name may soothe our woes:
His Priests, I say, by whom He speaks,
Who, trained in skilful lore,
Should bid us look beyond the wrecks
On Nature's rugged shore,
And by appointed means impart
His peace and rest unto the heart.
Our very nature's instinct leads
The mind to act by grace,
Whene'er with sorrow keen it bleeds,
And tears bedew the face.
And if the stream of comfort lies
In, and flows through, natural ties,
How much more richly, fully, may
It flow through God's appointed way!

THE SHIPWRECK.

OCCASIONED BY A DREADFUL WRECK ON THE YORKSHIRE COAST, IN DECEMBER 1844.

Hark! a mournful wail resounds
From the wild and boisterous sea,
Engrossing every feeling heart
With its tone of agony:
Now it comes, sadder, louder,
With the storm-king's angry rave,
Rising, swelling up on high,
Far above the roaring wave.
In such a fearful night as this,
Ah! for the sailors bold,
Entangled in the ruthless clasp
Of the billows stern and cold.
There no friendly hand to rescue
From the lofty surging heap,
There no loving eye to gaze on,
To pity them and weep,
As they struggle in despair awhile,
Then sink away to sleep.
Mingled with woe's harrowing scream,
And the clash of hail and rain,
And swiftly—oh, how swiftly!—sped
By the mighty hurricane,

Rocks a noble vessel's wreck
In the solemn depths of dread,
In the fitful lurid beams
By the vivid lightnings shed,
As brightly they disclose its place
Upon the waters' bed.
Death howls his song of savage joy
O'er the undulating mass;
Erects his flag of ebon hue
As the heaving billows pass:
Nor wealth, nor power of this earth,
Nor prayers, nor tears avail,
To give the lamp of life again
To those beyond the veil.
Oh! the dark waters madly rush,
They thunder on the shore,
No bark now meets the aching eye,
All, all, alas, is o'er!

TELL ME NOT.

Oh, tell me not of the bloom that gives
A glowing charm to beauty's cheek,
Nor of fair, nor bright, nor the spell that lives
In beaming eyes as moonlight meek.

They fade, they fade, like the graceful things
Of the gorgeous summer's burning hours,
And leave a wreck for the lonely springs
Of grief to weep o'er the withered flowers.

But tell my heart of a soul and mind
Alive to the joy of wisdom's lore,
When the veiling mists and clouds unbind
Their shadows dark from its secret store;
Yes, these are they that live and last,
When the world grows cold and mirth is dead,
And brightly over life's pathway cast
A mellowed light of its visions fled.

LINES ON ——.

Yes, there are times when pensive shades
Her gentle eyes o'ercast,
When fond remembrance lingers o'er
Each picture of the past.
Departed bliss returns to lade
Her breast with misery;
But then she knows it wastes the heart
To mourn o'er what must be.

When 'mid the gorgeous tapestried hall,
Where rich enchantments flow,
While radiant gems, like burning rays,
Adorn her noble brow,
Their witchery seems to wrap her soul
In pleasure's soft repose,
Yet she is not that worldly thing
Who bliss no higher knows.

And when the sun's receding car
Pales o'er the waveless sea,
Beside whose rocks she oft hath sat,
Singing wild melody,
She may remember listening to
The tale affection told;
But since one broke its golden vase,
She loves not as of old.

It is not that the bitter pains
Of disappointment rest,
Making their sad unpleasant home
Within the maiden's breast;
But now the fount of sorrow breaks
In quiet solitude,
That she to Jesus and His love
Preferred His creatures rude.

THE 137TH PSALM.

"By the waters of Babylon."

Euphrates' waters, clear and bright,
Slept in the noontide's burning ray:
There sate we down 'neath sorrow's sway,
For darkness veiled fair Sion's light.

The chords of hope, the last to break
In man's decay, were riven now,
Forebodings sad within each brow
Their gloomy dwellings rose to make.

The unstrung harps swayed on the trees
Blooming beside the placid wave,
Of many innocents the grave,
While sounded wailingly the breeze.

Our captors, a fierce heathen throng,
They bid us chant the sacred lay
We sing to God on festal day,—
Our distant Salem's holy song.

Enslaved, exiled our native land,
Though clear the stream and bright the skies,
How could we stay our tears and sighs,
And strike the harp with joyful hand?

O Salem, when my heart forgets
  Thy glorious temple and fair towers,
  Dark be my life's careering hours
Filled with the poison of regrets.

May I, the harp's sweet minstrelsy
  Unlearning, wake it ne'er again,
  And may my tongue's uniting strain,
Forgotten, silent ever be!

THE PILGRIM'S REST, OR THE PENITENT'S COURSE.

A TALE OF ANCIENT TIMES, REPRESENTED AS THE PRESENT.

There is a land, far o'er the sea,
Of many tangled forests, where
The summer winds make melody,
So sweet and wild to wakeful ear,
That meditative souls have thought
That holy nature's voice then sought
To praise her Lord.
  In one dark wood, wherein the round
Of city's tumult is unheard,
These gentle breezes sweetly sound,
Mixed with the song of cheerful bird
And music-waving trees, and all

The forest's tongues; the waterfall,
Whose roarings o'er the senses steal
Like a cathedral organ's peal,
While the tall fern and spiral grass
Sing to the zephyrs as they pass.
Amid this fair and peaceful scene,—
Meet place for the religious mind,
Illumined by the true faith's sheen,
To muse on God and humankind,—
A refuge for the lonely stands:
It is a monastery, raised
By those whose loving hearts well know
How God is best adored and praised
By man in holy church below.
Ah! thoughtful ones, who thus provide
For wayfarers a cup to bless
And gladden hearts, whate'er betide
In this world's mazy wilderness,
Why do not all respect your name,
And give to gratitude its claim?
For surely holy motives move,
As hidden springs, your deeds, to show,
By love to man, the Saviour's love,
Like oil poured forth to soothe his woe.
And thou, too, haven for the lone,
Or penitent, or perfect one,
Thou art the hand of Christ's own church,
Stretched out, and beckoning all to come

Who, wearied in life's fevered search,
Have sought, but found, no certain home.
As in the Crucified, in thee
The stricken ones are bid, and free
To hide the sorrows that entwine
With faults, around their drooping hearts;
While the aid of happy discipline
Fresh being and new health imparts.
Shade of a rock in desert wild,
Who would not, to thine accents mild,
Repress the vain and worldly sigh,
By generous deeds thankful reply?
Within these walls the plaintive tone
Of prayer and praise to God ascends;
For here the light of truth hath shone,
And with each pious offering blends;
And, mingling in the tide of song,
Are heard sweet titles that belong
To Him who laid His glory by,
To rescue worlds from misery;
And to Her who gave the veil to hide
That brightness which we cannot see.
Saviour! Virgin! far and wide,
Over this land and many a sea,
True Christians echo the loved names
Jesus and Mary! kindling flames
Of love divine and holy hope
In strong and weak, in rich and poor,

Strangely uplifting all to cope
With error and the tempter's power.
To this sweet home, fair type of one
Unfading, by Jehovah's throne,—
This home that blesses and is blest,—
A weary pilgrim comes for rest.
And if that blessing yet on earth
Lingers to charm the jaded mind,
That knows at last life's real worth,
Here then a fountain he may find,
Fresher, sweeter, than mountain rill,
Wherein to slake his thirst at will.
But there are terms, a stern array,
A band of terror, to all those
Who worship their own will and way,
Who fain would pluck the blooming rose
Of holy joy without a thorn.
Such nature is; supernal grace,
Enlightening Reason's ruined hall,
Declares that ere true joy the face
Illume, the tears of woe must fall.
When mystic chaos reigned supreme,
Thick darkness covered the abyss,
Then light arose, as from a dream,
And spread abroad its blessedness;
And when the last great day shall come,
A morn with conquering flag unfurled
Shall rise with glory from the tomb,

Upon the night of this sad world.
Thus souls, once fallen, must return
By ways first dark, then gloomy, till
Light springing up shall in them burn
Like Sol at midday on a hill.
The grace that stirred our pilgrim's heart,
Bringing him to the sacred door,
Hath touched his spirit's deepest part
With colours of this holy lore.
The inclinations that repose
Within the bosom's hidden cell
Had said, "The world alone bestows
True happiness;" alas! too well
Trained in such school with fellow-men,
A scholar and a citizen,
He lived within a circle where
Earth's things revolved so bright and fair,
And seemed so real, and solid too,
That soon he strongly held the view—
"The world is its own centre, and
Rest hangs upon its pointing wand!"
Full many a year his actions sped,
Directed to this only end—
To be of social life the head,
And indirectly his own friend.
Subjected to each passion's sway,
He trod a labyrinthine way,
With pleasure's thickets, dense and rife,

Closing the avenues of life,
And veiling from his mental sight
The beauty of religion's light;
And so the principles were gone,
In earlier days that led him on
Most lovingly, as angels guide
A simple child wandering beside
A death-containing precipice
Concealed from its fair Heaven-turned eyes.
The world smiled gaily on his way,
As brightly as a morn in May;
He, too, looked his own looks of love
On those who silken bonds had wove,
To charm his thoughtful soul away;
And they repaid him look for look;—
As a lone, glassy, tranquil brook
Reflects the sun and the blue skies,
So truly their seductive eyes
Imaged the glance of his.
But still within appeared a void:
No tasted joy but was alloyed
With that strange feeling's hidden stings—
That after-pain which keenly wrings
The saddened breast.
One moonlit night he sate alone
Within a tower, in pensive mood:
Anon he heard a tone well known
In city and in solitude;

For 'twas the hour when Gabriel sped,
On rapid wing, to Mary's shed,
As herald of the homage sweet
That thousands now lay at her feet.
'Ave Maria!' powerful words!
They subtly touched the inmost chords
Of memory, bringing out again
As 'twere an old forgotten strain,
The music of his childhood.
The days of innocence came back,
Ere yet the world had left its track
Of slimy poison upon them,
And joys, bright pearls, youth's diadem;
The light of heavenly grace poured in,
Flooding his soul with coloured streams,
Wherein he viewed what he had been,
And, by its bright, unearthly gleams,
Saw clearly that the path since trod
By him, departed from his God.
He lifted up his hands to hide
The glances of the gentle moon,
Whose beams, then shining far and wide,
Seemed to him fixed on him alone.
May we not deem they wooed his heart
To turn unto his Maker there,
As thoughts of Paradise impart
Strange sweetness, wooing us to prayer?
Then did the briny tear-drops fall;

But sweet and sad, like those that fell
From Magdalena in the hall
Of pride, upon the verge of hell.
He was waking from the maddening dream,
Seducing souls on life's gay stream;
He was breaking through the spell
That fallen spirits know too well
How to weave round poor mankind;
He was casting off the bands
Twined about him by their wands;
He was plunging into light's clear sea,
And daring, struggling, to be free.
He spake, in many mournful plaints,
The language of the awakening soul,—
Expressions of true penitents
When awful truths 'gin to unroll.
"Alas, my Father, I have roved
Afar from Thee, and I have loved
Beside Thee other gods;
The powers of my being, given
And trusted to my care by Heaven,
I have used to gain a name
Of empty praise from changing Fame.
In fancied pleasures I have sought
For rest and refuge from myself,
And oft deceitful peace have bought
With venal joy and worldly pelf.
But now I feel the actual worth

Of all the fading things of earth,—
That, if compared with those above,
The most esteemed as nothing prove.
I seek for *real rest* and *peace*,
Tormenting not, but satisfying,
Bidding the world's hot turmoil cease,
And changing not in dying;
That rest, a holy father says,
Is not in length of happy days,
Nor fame, nor treasures of the sea,
But, O my God, it is in Thee,
In Thee."

Behold him now, not bent with years
Nor sickness, but *with penitence*;
Mark his pale cheek and flowing tears,
True tokens of the inward sense.
His wasted figure seems to sigh,
"Deus, miserere mei!"
While on brow and breast he forms
The sign that cavillers deride,—
The Christian's solace in life's storms,
The symbol of *the Crucified!*

True penitents may feel with him
Now entering these sacred walls,
While wanes the twilight yet more dim,
As evening's pensive shadow falls.
True penitents may feel the woe,
The bitterness, and agony,

Racking his soul, that would undo
Its chequered deeds of misery.
For who can sound the sea of pain
That deluges the bosom's cell,
When light divine the past's dark train
Reveals in memory's dell?
And who can paint the intense fires,
Enkindling calmly man's desires
With longings to embrace the good—
The only good—that can convey
Pardon and peace to man, subdued
And humbled to the cross's way?
None, none but those who've waked to know
That God, of all, is *the chief good,*
The end of man in weal or woe,
His stay amid the raging flood
Of vice and error's surging waves.
For out of God we fall aside,
Lost in the dark world's treacherous tide,
And feed on weeds and oozy slime,
Seeking for bliss in things of time,—
As if the soul's high destiny
Were not for vast eternity.
Hence care and all the sad unrest
That canker in the human breast;
For hearts by trouble are opprest,
That here they may not look for rest
Apart from the Divinity.

These burning words have often brought
Their noble prey from human throngs—
"That God is all, the creature nought,"
To seek and find all that belongs
To the Creator's love to give,
Or man's proportion to receive.
Behold our pilgrim! oh, shall not
His faith, and penitence, and prayer,
Avail with Jesu to outblot
The past, through His own loving care?
Shall not the consolation sweet—
The prize of lonely mourners meet—
Of grace divine, o'erspread his soul,
And back its clouds of darkness roll?
Eternal Truth, inviting says,
"O wearied with the soiled world's ways,
Ye laden, fainting ones, oh, come
And I will give both rest and home."
Ah, where, amid life's wretchedness,
May one obtain this promised bliss,
But in the holy church, ordained
To guide man onward to his end?
For there are special places where
Sweet special food the priests dispense,—
Medicine for ills, grief and despair:
'Tis life of spiritual sense!
'Twas not in vain a mother taught
The pilgrim this high mystery,

Or now he had not longing sought
Its balsam for his misery.
Under the window looking east
A golden altar stands,
For Mary's Son's sublimest feast,
Adored by angel bands.
Within the tabernacle there
The awful but sweet Presence dwells,—
The life of every soul and prayer
In churches wafted or in cells.
And, lo! emblem most beautiful
Of Him the nation's light divine,
A gentle lamp burns there, to lull
The soul to sleep on love benign,
And honour Him who loves to be
With man in joy or penury.
Ah! 'tis a night of pain and woe,
With gladness blent, to him who now
Prostrates *his being* 'fore the Lord,
In actual deed and thought and word;
While ever and anon his pangs
Direct his overflowing eyes
To view the rood where Jesus hangs,
A holy bleeding sacrifice.
But faith and hope breathe in his ear
The dulcet words of life and peace,
That He who died of love will here
The iron bonds of guilt release.

The brethren around betray
Surprise by neither look nor sound;
For, oh! too well accustomed they
To that blest sight, a lost sheep found.
But now the chaunts of praise are o'er,
They meekly to the pilgrim haste,—
Uplift him gently from the floor,
And bid him look beyond the waste
Of life below, to life above,
Eternal, in the realms of love.
Brethren in Christ, are they who pour,
Like fountains in a wilderness,
Refreshing streams of heavenly lore,
Consoling with their tenderness:
They argue not, but speak as those
Who rightly know the certainty
Of truths divine; within them glows
The light of faith's true quality,
Discerning the reality
Of things unseen beyond the sky.
They see the throne,—hear judgment's knell,
The joys of heaven, the woes of hell,
While meditation brightly paints
The glorious beauty of God's saints.
Our pilgrim finds the calm repose,
Of solitude's interior zest,
The bounteous Maker gives to those
Who seek in Him alone for rest.

The true idea of happiness
His cleansèd soul doth now possess:
The very pains of penitence
Are gladness to his inward sense;
For love of Christ transforms our loss
Into our joyful gain: and so
'Tis sweet to bear the holy cross,
'Tis sweet to suffer any woe,
And meekly mourn, with tears and sighs,
For Jesu's love and Paradise.

Thus Christ the secrets of His love
Unveiled unto the pilgrim's mind;
Making within blest rapture move,
With most subduing peace combined,—
Drops of the overflowing stream,
The joy of new Jerusalem.

The holy church here then will keep
In pastures rich her rescued sheep,
And teach his heart the mystic lore,
That all the rest to mortals given,
Upon this life's empeopled shore,
Is but the type of *rest in heaven*,—
Where patience, penitence, and tears,
And all the trembling hopes and fears,
Combining in this earthly state,
Shall their reward, exceeding great,
Have in the vision of our God,
Man's *final End*, man's *highest Good*.

LITERAL TRANSLATION OF AN ANCIENT LATIN HYMN FOR EASTER.

"Aurora cœlum purpurat."

The morn with purple clothes the skies,
Let joyful lauds on high arise,
Victorious, the world be glad,
And conquered hell, affrighted, sad.

Whilst the triumphant King of kings
From Death's Tartarean cavern brings
The spirits of the fathers free,
To brightness of life's liberty.

Sealed was the stone that o'er Him lay,
And watchful seemed the guards' array;
The Victor triumphs, and the foe,
Stern Death himself, entombs below.

No more sad death, nor painful tears,
Despairing woes, nor gloomy fears;
Death's conqueror hath burst the shroud,
A shining angel cries aloud!

Jesus, be Thou our Easter joy!
Be thoughts of Thee our sole employ!
From deadly sin, we pray Thee free
Those born again to life by Thee.

To God the Father loudly sing,
And Jesus who rose triumphing,
And to the Holy Ghost upraise
For evermore melodious praise.

LITERAL TRANSLATION OF AN ANCIENT LATIN HYMN FOR THE ASCENSION.

"Salutis humanæ Sator."

Author of mankind's salvation,
Jesu, delight of hearts oppressed,
Creator of a world redeemed,
And pure light of the loving breast:
Whence the mercy that o'ercame Thee,
That thou should'st take our crimes' sad doom?
That, sinless, Thou should'st undergo
Dark death, that we might 'scape the tomb?
Hell's chaos Thou didst rend in twain,
And disenthral the captive band;
Victor by a noble conquest,
Enthroned, Thou sittest on God's right hand.
May pity move Thy bosom's depths,
To aid and heal our hurtful plight,
And of Thy face we long to view,
Enrich us with the blessed light.

Oh, guide and way to glory's stars,
Be Thou our goal in this world's strife,
Be Thou the gladness of our tears,
And sweet reward of endless life.
O Jesu, glory be to Thee,
Returning conqueror on high,
With Father and the Holy Ghost,
From age to age eternally.—Amen.

ST. MONICA ON THE SEA-SHORE,

WHEN HER SON AUGUSTINE DEPARTED FROM CARTHAGE TO ROME.

A scene in the Saint's life, related by himself in his 'Confessions,' Book v.

Maternal love lies deep within the hearts
Of all who drink the mother's cup of bliss:
God, the great fount of love, hath pour'd it in
Each vessel of His wise creating hand.
The perishing brutes partake His bounteous gift;
The lioness, down to the lowest reptile, love
Protect and nourish their weak helpless young;
The Pagan mother, too, performs the works
Of sweet affection towards her little ones,
And in the act the bliss delightful feel

That only mothers feel and know; while those
With the true faith's immortal light unblest,
Enjoy the same emotions. Nature glows
In all alike. Grace superadded
Ennobles, purifies, and hallows it,
Gilding it with charms divine. Fitting type
Of that most heavenly affection, warm
Within our universal mother's breast,
For all her family in Christ, our Lord!
Such is a holy Christian parent's love,
Exalted by the blessed Spirit's might:
'Tis human nature perfected by grace!
Such Monica's for Austin, wayward youth!
The depth of the clear waters of her heart
Angels alone could sound. A life long passed
In sacred communing, in prayer, and watch,
And thoughtfulness, had trained her gentle soul
To Christian saintliness. She wailed and wept
Far more than ordinary mothers weep
Their offspring's physical decease; for faith
Derived from God illuminated love,
By quickening her maternal sight: she saw
The Manichæan darkness brooding o'er
Her son Augustine's mind, and from her eyes
A flood of tears oft poured upon the ground,
At proof of his sad spiritual death.
God's altar was her chief resort, for there,
At the great Mediator's sacrifice, she laid

Her wants and woes before the mercy-seat.
Ne'er did she kneel meekly adoring Christ,
But plaintive prayers and tears their egress sought,
To win Augustine to the faith. The good
Are heard of God. The mother's loving care
Was not despised. A certain bishop spake,
Declaring that the child of such sad tears
Ne'er could perish. The widow heard the words
As though a voice had sounded from the heaven
To bid her live, be comforted, and hope.
  Now, with intellectual ardour fired,
Augustine sought, his Carthaginian home
To leave awhile, and cross the dangerous sea
For mighty Rome, upon the Tiber's stream.
Refinement could not brook the rude ungentle ways
His youthful countrymen, his pupils, trod.
The Roman youths' more peaceful discipline
Was pleasing to the rhetorician's mind,
And he would fain philosophize with those
More orderly and apter to be taught.
But Providence's overruling power
Directed this design for his soul's good:
For man is often but the instrument
Of bringing God's own will and way about.
  The bark was waiting, heaving on the waves;
That pious matron grievously bewailed,
For love maternal only told her heart
Of a departure which would be her loss.

She followed Austin to the roaring sea,—
What hand could keep her back from him
Who was her only son, her eyes' sole light,
The joy and prop of her declining years?
She held him fast, entreating him to stay,
Nor tempt the dangers of the foaming main.
He feigned that he then had a friend most dear,
Who only tarried till a fair wind blew,
To sail away to a far distant port,
And friendship bound him to remain and see
The anchor lifted, and the vessel fade
Away in the horizon's distant haze.
How could Augustine venture thus to lie
To her, so good a mother as she was?
Alas! entangled in the mazy sphere
Of crooked error, principles and ways
Turn crooked too, and stick not at deceit.
'Twas night, dark night, when holy Monica
Stood on the shore, and heard her son so speak.
Sad night for that fond parent! She refused
To seek the covering of her lonely roof,
Then lonelier still without him. Scarcely he
Assured her doubts and fears, persuading her,
Until the morning dawn arose, to stay
Beneath the shelter of a place hard by
The ship that floated near. But God provides
A refuge for His saints. The storms of hate,
Or, what is worse, filial ingratitude,

May be their lot often to suffer here;
But resignation bends their will to His.
Saint Monica, she sought this place, to be
Unharmed by the cold breezes of the sea:
It was an oratory, built by those
Who prized the memory of Cyprian the blest,
To honour God by succouring the wants
Of souls who dared the perils of the deep:
The merchant and the pilgrim there might pray
Beside the mariner, for favouring winds
And sunny skies, that so their watery course
Might prosperous be. In those ancient days
On many a shore those little chapels stood,
And Christians loved to join their praise
With the loud song the ocean ever sings
Unto its great Creator, God. Saint Paul,
With the Ephesian priests, knelt on the shore,
No doubt, in such an oratory, and
In every age the faithful loved to keep
The pious customs their forefathers kept.
Hither the holy widow came, and oped
The spacious floodgates of maternal woe:
It seemed as if the hopes sustaining life
Had in their very base received a shock,
And then were shattered by the gloomy fears,
Ever foreboding self-willed Austin's flight.
The winds blew fair, the heavy anchor raised,
The bark set sail, and Austin was on board!

And Monica, unconscious woman, knelt
Before the altar of the all-good God—
Weeping and prayer her food. She asked of Him
Beseechingly that He would bid him stay;
But in the depths of His wise counsels, God,
Though hearing the main point of her desire,
Regarded not what she then fondly wished,
That He might make him what she *ever asked.*
The breezes blew, and swelled the snowy sails,
While from his sight his native shore withdrew;
And on the morrow,—oh, most woful sight!—
That anxious mother stood upon the sand.
There nature had its way, for, wild with grief,
With groans and plaints she filled the ears of God,
Who then rejected them: whilst wondrously,
Through Austin's bold desires, He hurried him
To end all temporal desire; and the part,
The earthly part, of her maternal love
Was chastened by the universal scourge,
The allotted cross of woe. For she loved
Her son's dear presence, as true mothers do,
But, oh! much more than many: things divine
Had touched her more than others: and she knew
Not of the great o'erwhelming joy in store
The gracious God designed to work for her,
Out of her grief, his absence. She knew not;
Hence tears bedewed her wan and wasted cheek,
And wailings low burst from her anguished heart;

And by this spirit-rending agony
Appeared in her Eve's painful heritage,
With careful sorrow ever seeking what
In sorrow she had to this world brought forth.
"My son! my son! Augustine! where art thou now?
Ah, guilty of cold, hard-hearted treachery!
The freshening winds of heaven bear thee on
Far from my aching sight, but not from God.
May He watch over thee, shine in thy mind,
And bring thee to these widowed arms again!"
Thus prayed Saint Monica, and then returned
To the lone sanctuary of her home;
While Austin journeyed o'er the bounding wave
To ancient Rome, then mistress of the world,
To be at Milan, through St. Ambrose, brought
To sing "Te Deum" in the fold divine,
The holy church, Christ's kingdom upon earth.*

THE DYING ORPHAN TO HER SISTER.

Sister dear, come sit thee by my side,
There's no one that I love like thee
In this world, all beautiful and wide,
Nor, dearest, can there ever be.

* St. Augustine afterwards became Bishop of Hippo, in Africa. He flourished about the end of the fourth century.

We are lonely orphans, too, you know,
And our loved mother is not here
To compassionate our sorrows now,
And wipe away the falling tear.
Loneliness appears to draw us more
And more closely to each other, and
Soothe our fragile hearts when weak and sore
From shocks upon life's rocky strand.

Sister dear, come sit thee down and hear,
Companion of my mirth and play
And little joys of childhood's sphere,—
The pleasures of the passing day.
How many hours hast thou tended me
With anxious care, nor thought them long,
While thine heart, from selfishness quite free,
Hath oft expressed itself in song.
Thy music rapt my soul;—I gazed
Through our small lattice on the sky,
And there a wondrous vision me amazed,
O'erpowering my weak sleepless eye.
Sun, moon, and stars were blent in light,
Perished the firmament's clear blue,
And all things glowed so intensely bright,
As if they had been made anew.

Sister dear, in loving converse sweet
We've often talked of what shall be

When two great extremes shall strangely meet—
  Time earthly, and eternity;—
How the universe shall be consumed,
  And chaos old return again,—
How all, with radiant light illumed,
  Their pristine order shall regain;
And we've pondered on the mystic sounds
  And sights in that surprising state
Which after death a good spirit bounds,
  When from its coil 'tis separate.
There the holy angels sing their songs
  Of adoration 'fore God's throne,
Joining the gladness of the white-robed throngs
  To be with Christ, and victory won;
And i' the Trinity they see the form
  Of Mary's Son, with His bright wounds,
The sure refuge now from wind and storm,
  Sweet fount of water in dry grounds.

My gentle sister, ah! can it be
  That bliss like this poor mortals may
Amid this pilgrimage of misery
  Hope to enjoy without decay?
Loved one, see my wasted hand and cheek,
  Mark my quick pulse and heaving breast:
Ah! they tell thee what I cannot speak—
  My soul hastes to that blessed rest.

Orphans we are, but well, well know I
God is father and mother dear:
Dry up thy tears, hush each grieving sigh,
Our home is not a desert drear.
I leave thee and my cherished flowers,
But, dear, I shall not love thee less,
Nor the familiar haunts and bowers
Where we have dreamed of happiness.
And though faith and hope's emotion wanes,
Absorbed in joy's eternal sea,
Yet, fair love, blest charity, remains,
And therefore I'll remember thee,
If but our Judge, the Saviour, smile
On me, and bid my soul be still
Within the precincts of His church's aisle—
The base of Heaven's sacred hill.
Jesus stores the smallest mercy done
To a poor child for His dear sake,—
Passing kindness thou hast to me shown,
Endure, He will not thee forsake.

Sister dear, mine eyes, alas! grow dim,
The room is whirling round, I see
The white figures of the Seraphim,
I hear angelic melody.
But is the foretaste of sweet heaven
To any granted but to souls
Quite perfect, wholly cleansed, forgiven,
And safe from any future falls?

It may be a bright mockery, devised
By the arch-fiend to lure my heart
From meek thoughts that must be realized
By all who choose the better part.
I have not heard the dread sentence yet,
And what it may be I know not;
My wanderings and weakness bring regret,—
There's much that cannot be forgot.
Sweet sister, give me thy dearest hand,
And lift mine to the opening sky:
A humble prayer hath a magic wand
To move God's pitying heart and eye.
O Good Father of the fatherless,
Remember all that Thou hast done
To obtain Thy creatures' happiness;
Desert me not, an orphan lone.
O Good Jesu, the pure Virgin's Child,
The lily of this tearful vale,
Look on me all lovingly and mild,
And drive away each mournful wail.
Saviour of the world! be now my stay;
Thou art my hope, my all: to Thee
I look for mercy in this Judgment Day:
I grieve, I love,—oh, save Thou me!

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